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Edited by

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THE
DEDICATION OF BOOKS
TO
PATRON AND FRIEND

A CHAPTER IN LITERARY HISTORY

BY
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PREFACE.

MANY articles have been written on book dedications, notably the one in D'Israeli's *CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE*; and the late Mr. Huth printed privately an interesting and valuable volume (edited by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt), in which a large number of dedications and prefaces are reproduced; but I believe that the present is the first instance of a book being entirely devoted to the history of this topic.

In the following pages I have attempted to trace the subject through its three phases. In its first stage dedications are seen as the spontaneous expression of an author's love and respect for his friend or his patron. In the second we travel through those years when all sense of shame was

absent from the mind of the author, who sold his praises to the highest bidder. In the third we come back to a condition of things resembling the first, for at the present day the dedication is only used by an author who wishes to associate his book with some friend, as the patron has ceased to exist. Many of our great authors, from Shakespeare downwards, are included in the list of dedicators, and I have tried to give specimens of the work of most of them. Dryden and Johnson stand out from this class, the former as a pleader for patronage for himself in terms quite unworthy of so great a man, and the latter as the dignified spokesman of others, and not as a beggar for himself.

Although some of the examples will be familiar to all readers, many are from less known sources, and these will, I hope, give a certain freshness to the quotations as a whole. There is, how-

ever, a delicate flavour of antiquity and a certain quaint charm in the old print of the books from which many of the dedications have been drawn that seems to depart when the same sentences are printed in modern type, and we are apt sometimes to wonder what it was that we originally admired. The bouquet has fled while we were in the act of removing the cork from the bottle.

If my kind friend the reader will in fancy replace the blurred type,—if he will put himself in the place of those who lived in another age than ours, and had little or nothing in common with modern lines of thought, he will the better be able to appreciate the value of my gatherings, and he will too, I hope, be ready to acknowledge the claim I have ventured to set up, that this volume will be the means of throwing some light on a not unimportant chapter of literary history.

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THE
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INTRODUCTION.

FASHIONS in literature, like fashions in dress, are constantly changing, and the volumes that now issue from the press differ greatly in form from the books published in the last century, but in no one particular are they more unlike than in the absence of dedications.

Few desires can be more natural than that of an author to link the name of a friend of patron with the work of his own mind. When this end only is aimed at and it is carried out with taste and feeling, the result must

always be pleasing to the reader; but this idea was soon lost, and gradually a system grew up of praising men according to a scale of the more pay the more praise. It was not necessary that the person to whom the book was dedicated should in any way be connected with its subject, and a book, therefore, often degenerated into a mere vehicle for the fulsome praise of some worthless being.

Antoine Furetière, author of a French dictionary in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, said that the first inventor of dedications must certainly have been a beggar; and Dr. Young echoed the same sentiment in his *Universal Passion* (Sat. 4, l. 191):—

“ All other trades demand—verse-makers beg;
A dedication is a wooden leg,” etc.

But this is not a fair statement of the case in respect to the earlier dedications, for their authors had something of value to offer to the patrons in return for patronage and support. The *Tatler*,¹ in an agreeable paper on the

¹ No. 177.

absurdity of the practice of dedicating among the moderns, contains this just remark :—

“ In ancient time it was the custom [for authors] to address their works to some eminent for their merit to mankind, or particular patronage of the writers themselves, or knowledge in the matter of which they treated. Under these regards it was a memorable honour to both parties, and a very agreeable record of their commerce with each other.”

The practice of dedicating books to patrons, and to those friends at whose suggestion the various essays were projected, is of great antiquity. We find that ancient authors were not slow to adopt it, and that Horace, Virgil, Cicero, and Lucretius all dedicated their works to some friend or patron. The *Tatler*,¹ however, tells us that the patron did not always treat the suppliant in a manner likely to give him satisfaction ; thus, when Augustus “ received pieces of poetry which he thought had worth in them he rewarded the writer, but when he thought them empty he generally returned the compliment made him with some verses of his own.” At the revival of learning in

¹ No. 177.

Europe, when the grand works of the classic authors were rescued from their long slumber, few of them were published without a dedication. These frequently partook of the character of explanatory prefaces, and are often remarkable for the elegance and purity of the style in which they are written. Such dedications, therefore, would greatly assist us in the composition of a history of literature ; and something was done towards the attainment of this end in 1861 by the late Mr. Beriah Botfield, when he printed for private circulation a handsome volume consisting of Prefaces to the first editions of the Greek and Roman Classics and of the Sacred Scriptures.

Among the early dedicators the greatest of the learned printers holds a distinguished place. Botfield writes :—

“The dedications of Aldus are worth all the rest ; there is a high and noble feeling, a self-respect, and simplicity of language about him which is delightful. He certainly had aspiring hopes of doing the world good. He expresses himself about his labours ‘adjuvante Jesu Christo,’ and he is a specimen of

mental freedom glorious to the republic which nurtured him.”¹

Thomas Heywood tells his friend Hammon, in the dedication to *The Iron Age*, that “the noble scholler Nichod. Friscelimus thought that his labour in transferring six of Aristophanes his Comedies out of the originall Greeke into the Roman tongue, was worthy to be dedicated to six several, the most eminent Princes of his time, for learning and judgement.”

Chapman, in dedicating his *Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* (1613) to Sir Thomas Howard, says that the great princes of Italy and other countries were pleased to have their praises sent forth to the world with plays. These princes, however, were not always very munificent to those who sent forth these praises, and Theodore Beza received from Sixtus IV. a poor reward when he dedicated Aristotle's book on Animals to that Pope. It consisted of the cost of the binding of the handsome copy

¹ Botfield, p. vii.

which he presented at the feet of Sixtus. Cardinal Ippolito of Este, treated the great poet Ariosto even worse, for when *Orlando Furioso* was dedicated to him, all he did for his dependent was summed up in the question, "Where did you find so many stories, Master Ludovic?" The poet, however, has been amply revenged, and the Cardinal's name has been carried down to our time to be treated with contempt as a man who had no appreciation of poetry, and was, moreover, mean and shabby. Bishop Hurd likened dedications to princes by great authors to the action of the architect of the Tower of Pharos, who inscribed his name on the marble, but had it encrusted over with stucco, and placed there the name of the reigning prince. Great authors addressed their patrons with honeyed words, prophesying that they would be remembered from their connection with the great men, while in many cases the name of the patron has only been kept alive by the greatness of the trumpeter.

Turning to England, and our own great printer, we may remark that Caxton dedi-

cated *The Game and Play of the Chess Moralised* "to the right noble, right excellent, and vertuous prince George duc of Clarence, Erle of Warwyk and of Salisburys, great chamberlayn of England and leutenant of Ireland, oldest broder of kynge Edward by the grace of god kynge of England and of Fraunce" in words adapted from the French of Jean de Vignay, who translated from the *Ludus Saccorum* of J. de Cessolis.

Blanchardine and Eglantine he dedicated to "the right noble puyssaunt and excellent prynesse my redoubted lady my lady Margarete duchesse of Somercete, moder unto our naturel and soverayn lord and most crysten kynge henry ye seuenth;" and *Caton* "to the renowned city of London."

The curiosities of dedications are numerous, but perhaps the most singular are those in which the authors appeal for the protection of Heaven. The Spaniards and Italians frequently dedicated their books to the Virgin Mary, to Jesus Christ, and even to God the Father Himself. When James I. of England wrote an answer to the work of Conrad

Vorstius on the nature and attributes of God,¹ he imitated our foreign neighbours, and inscribed his work to the Saviour in what must be condemned as very improper terms :—

To | the Honour | of our Lord and | Saviour Jesus Christ, | the Eternal Sonne of the | Eternal Father, the onely ΘΕΑΝΘΡΩΠΙΟΣ, Mediatour, | and Reconciler | of Mankind, | In signe of Thankefulnesse, | His most humble | and most obliged | Servant, James by the Grace of | God, King of Great Britaine, | France and Ireland, | Defender of the Faith, | Doeth dedicate, and consecrate | this his Declaration.

The *Declaration* appeared in Latin and French, as well as in English. There is a curious story told of this book, which does not redound to the credit of the impecunious monarch. It is said that the printer refused to print the work unless he got the money first. This is scarcely credible, but it is too good a story for us to wish to prove it false.

Richard Brathwayte's *Penitent Pilgrim* (1641) is dedicated "to that immaculate

¹ "His Maiesties Declaration concerning His Proceedings with the States Generall of the United Provinces of the Low Countreys, in the cause of D Conradus Vorstius. Imprinted at London by Robert Barker, Printer to the King's most Excellent Maiestie, Anno Dom. 1612."

Lamb Christ Jesus the sole saviour and receiver of every penitent sinner."

John Leycester, "a small crumme of mortality," dedicated his work on the Civil Wars of England (1649) "to the honour and glory of the infinite, immense, and incomprehensible majesty of Jehovah, the fountaine of all excellencies, the Lord of Hosts, the Giver of all Victories, and the God of Peace."

John de Croi's book to prove the truth of the Geneva Confession of Faith by the Scriptures (1645) is dedicated "A Vostre Seigneur Jesus Christ," and Father Boussieres dedicated his *Pasture Historique* to the Virgin Mary, "Mother of God and Queen of the World."

In English literature the dedications written previous to the Restoration are mostly of a genuine character; but there were many which were directly the opposite to genuine, such as those to which Erasmus refers when he writes in his *Praise of Folly*:

"What is done by several seemingly great and wise men, who with a new-fashioned modesty employ

some paltry orator or scribbling poet, whom they bribe to flatter them with some high-flown character that shall consist of mere lies and shams, and yet the persons thus extolled shall bristle up, and peacock-like bespread their plumes, while the impudent parasite magnifies the poor wretch to the skies, and proposes him as complete pattern of all virtues, from each of which he is yet as far distant as heaven itself from hell: what is all this in the mean while but the tricking up a daw in stolen feathers, a labouring to change the black-a-moor's hue, and the drawing on a pigmy's frock over the shoulders of a giant."

Bacon dedicated his translation of some of the Psalms to George Herbert, it being "my manner," he says, "for dedications to choose those that I hold most fit for the argument."

Erasmus dedicated his *Praise of Folly* to Sir Thomas More. "How! what maggot (say you) put this in your head? Why the first hint, Sir, was your own surname of More, which comes as near the literal sound of the word [*μωρία*] as you yourself are distant from the signification of it, and that in all men's judgments is vastly wide."

Unfortunately few authors followed Bacon's admirable example, and as Oldmixon wrote

in his dedication to the translation of Bouhours on *The Arts of Logick and Rhetorick* (1728)—

“The scandal such addresses as these have for some time lain under, has not arisen so much from the meanness of the authors’ views, as from their indiscretion in the choice of their patrons. Thus without having any regard to their character, or capacity, we often find a Discourse of Politicks addressed to a fox-hunter, a Treatise of Gardening to a Citizen of London, a piece of Divinity to a General of the Army, a Poem to a Judge, and a play to a Stockjobber.”

Sometimes the dedicator made a point of the appropriateness of his address, and so added to the adulation of his dedication; thus John Newbery the publisher, in dedicating to Robert Earl of Holderness *The Art of Poetry* (1762), which has been attributed to the poet Goldsmith, writes:—

“If all dedications like this, were written from the heart, and instead of the usual terms of compliment contained some portion of the Patron’s life, which was worthy the imitation of others, every such address would prove an incitement to great and good actions, and be often of more consequence to the public than the Book itself.”

Drayton reasons against the choice of a man in high position, and in the dedication "to his worthy and dearly esteemed friend, Master James Huish" he seems to doubt whether a great title is a great prop. He writes :—

"It is seated by custome (from which we are now bold to assume authoritie) to bear the names of our friends upon the fronts of our bookes, as gentlemen use to set their armes over their gate. Some say this use began by the heroes and brave spirits of the old world, which were desirous to be thought to patronize learning; and men in requital honor the names of those brave princes. But I think some after put the names of great men in their bookes, for that men should say there was something good, onely because indeed their names stood there. But for mine owne part (not to dissemble) I find no such vertue in any of their great titles to do so much for any thing of mine, and so let them passe."

James I., according to the preface of his *Meditation on the Lord's Prayer*,¹ made a great point of the appropriateness of his

¹ "A Meditation upon the Lord's Prayer, written by the King's Maiestie, for the benefit of all his subjects, especially of such as follow the Court. London: Printed by Bonham Norton and John Bill, Printers to the King's most excellent Majesty. 1619."

dedications. He writes, in addressing the Duke of Buckingham:—

“But now when I bethinke my selfe, to whom I can most aptly dedicate this little labour of mine, most of it being stollen from the houres ordained for my sleepe: and calling to minde, how carefull I have ever bin to observe a decorum in the dedication of my bookes, as my *Βασιλικον Δωρον* was dedicated to my sonne Henry, now with God, because it treated of the office of a King, it now belonging to my only son Charles, who succeeds (*sic*) to it by right, as well as to all the rest of his brother's goods: and as I dedicated my *Apologie for the Oath of Allegiance* to all free Christian Princes and States, because they had all of them an interest in that argument, other of my bookes which treated of matters belonging to every qualitie of persons, being therefore indefinitely dedicated to the Reader in generall, I cannot surely finde out a person, to whom I can more fitly dedicate this short meditation of mine, then to you, Buckingham. For it is made upon a very short and plaine prayer, and therefore the fitter for a courtier: For courtiers, for the most part, are thought neither to have list nor leisure to say long prayers, liking best *courte messe and long disner*. But to confesse the trueth now in earnest, it is the fitter for you that it is both short and plaine.”

The king then proceeds to give his reasons morefully.

Sir William Davenant showed good taste as well as affection to two friends when he wrote the dedication to his volume *Madagascar and other Poems* (1638), which found many imitators, and gave the *mode* for a time. "If these Poems live, may their memories by whom they are cherished, Endymion Porter and H. Jarmyn, live with them." Thirteen years after, S. Sheppard the epigrammatist directly plagiarised this, and dedicated his little volume in these terms: "If these epigrams survive (maugre the voracitie of Time) let the names of Christopher Clapham and James Winter (to whom the author dedicateth these his endeavours) live with them."

The slavish adulation of the dedications of the seventeenth century is something sickening to think of; and how thoroughly the disease had eaten into the heart of the nation, may be seen from the terms which a noble English gentleman like John Evelyn was not ashamed to use towards Charles II. The diarist dedicated his translation of Freart's *Parallel of the Ancient Architecture*

with the Modern in 1664 to the king, when he used such phrases as these: "Not with a presumption to incite, or instruct your Majesty, which were a vanity unpardonable, but by it to take occasion of celebrating your great example, who use your empire and authority so worthily, as Fortune seems to have consulted her reason when she poured her favours upon you." Again: "Your name will be famous to posterity, and when those materials fail, the benefits that are engraven in our hearts will outlast those of marble." Charles is then said to "resemble the Divine Architect," and after a string of the most outrageous praises, the author writes: "It is hard not to slide into the Panegyrick, when once one begins to speak of your Majesty," who "was designed of God for a blessing to this nation."

Dr. Adolphus, domestic physician to Frederick the Great, dedicated one of his works to his royal master, and in his dedication protests that on a close examination of Scipio, Cæsar, Augustus, Cato, Epaminondas, Louis XIV., Turenne, Marlborough, and

Prince Maurice of Saxony, he cannot find among them all- "la grandê âme et les traits sublimes" of the present Frederick.

In describing Nicholas Hunt's *Handmaid to Arithmetick refined* (1633), De Morgan remarks on the slavishness of the dedication to an earl, and quotes a passage which has a grotesque appearance from the use of the ambiguous word *rare*. "When I reflect on ancient nobility, earth's glory, it being found in the way of vertue; this so rare a thing transports my soule with thoughts of a glorious eternitie."

I once met with an old book in which the person to whom it was dedicated was styled "an honourable and most perfect gentleman," and some former possessor had written in the margin "*a lie*." It is to be feared that this unpolite little word might be written with some justice of a large proportion of old dedications.

The desire of authors to obtain more pay for their work set them thinking of the best means to increase it. Fuller's *Church History* has twelve title-pages, besides the general

one, with as many particular dedications, and no less than fifty or sixty inscriptions addressed to benefactors. Sir Balthasar Gerbier published in 1663 a little work entitled *Counsel and Advise to all Builders*, with forty-one separate dedicatory epistles to the Queen-mother, the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Clarendon, and a long list of the nobility and gentry, ending with the courteous reader.

Doni dedicated each of the letters in *La Libreria* to persons whose name began with the first letter of the epistle, so that the book of only forty-five pages is dedicated to above twenty persons. A like practice was adopted by Alexander Politi, the editor of the *Martyrologium Romanum*, who dedicated each day of the year to a distinct patron. A somewhat different style of dedications was adopted in Spain: thus when the laws of Castile were reduced into a code during the reign of Alfonso X., surnamed the Wise, the compilers divided the work into seven volumes, so that they might dedicate

each volume to one of the letters forming the name of his Majesty.

The poetical tract entitled *The Martyrdom of Saint George of Cappadocia, Titular Patron of England, and of the most noble Order of the Garter* (London: 1614), which is attributed to one Tristran White, is dedicated "To all the noble, honourable and worthy in Great Brittain, bearing the name of George; and to all other, the true friends of Christian Chivalrie, lovers of Saint George's name and vertues." This was a more comprehensive dedication than might be supposed by those who think that the name of George was uncommon in England until the accession of the Hanoverian dynasty. Besides this general dedication, the publisher prepared a particular one for "his worshipfull good friend Mr. George Shilliton, Justice of Peace, the King's Receiver for Yorke-shire and one of the chiefe clarkes of his Majestie's high Court of Star Chamber." William Bailey gives four reasons for this dedication. The third is "because the groundworke of this booke is for the honor,

each volume to one of the letters forming the name of his Majesty.

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grace and credit of George and Georges of famous England, and your worship's name is George."

Ward's *Lives of the Professors of Gresham College* (1740) is dedicated "to the Mayor and Commonalty and Citizens of the City of London, and to the Wardens and Commonalty of the Mystery of the Mercers of the said city with their grand Committee for Gresham Affairs."

William Gough's *Londinum Triumphans* (1682) is dedicated to the Aldermen, the Sheriffs, the Chamberlain, "and to all the rest of those eminent Citizens who have so worthily asserted the rights, liberties, privileges, Franchises and Immunities of this ancient and Honourable City."

Baxter's *Saint's Everlasting Rest* was dedicated by that famous Nonconformist "To my beloved Friends, the Inhabitants of the Burrough and Forreign of Kederminster, both Magistrates and People," and also to Sir Thomas Rous, Bart., and Lady Jane Rous his wife; and in the latter dedication are these words, which tell a very different tale from

the ordinary language adopted by dedicators :—

“ All saints are low in their own esteem, and therefore thirst not to be highly esteemed by others : He that knows what Pride hath done in the world, and is now doing, and how close that hainous sin doth cleave to all our natures, will scarce take him for a friend, who will bring fewel to the fire, nor that breath for amicable, which will blow the coal.”

Thomas Gouge, the pastor of St. Sepulchre's Church, dedicated his *Christian Directions, shewing how to walk with God all the day long* (1661), in these words : “ To my dearly beloved Friends and neighbours, the inhabitants of Sepulchre's Parish, Grace, Mercy and Peace from God the Father of Mercies and the God of all Consolation.”

Wither, the poet, dedicated *The Shepherd's Hunting* (1622) “ To those honoured, noble, and right vertuous Friends, my visitants in the Marshalsey, and to all other my unknowne Favourers, who either privately or publikely wished me well in my imprisonment.”

These dedications to bodies of men are

worthy of note from their special character ; but there are also some requiring mention here, which are specially uncomplimentary in their language : thus William Hornby dedicated his *Scourge of Drunkenness* in these terms : “ To all the impious and relentlesse-harted ruffians and roysters under Bacchus’ regiment Cornu-apes wisheth remorse of conscience and more increase of grace.”

Richard Brathwayte prefixed to his *Strappado for the Divell* (1615) the following odd “ Epistle Dedicatorie ” :—

“ To all usurers, broakers, and promoters, sergeants, catch-poles, and regraters, ushers, panders, suburbes traders, cockneies that have manie fathers ; ladies, monkies, parachitoes, marmosites and catomitoes, falls, high-tires and rebatoes, false-haires, periwigges, monchatoes, grave gregorians and shee-painters—send I greeting at adventures, and to all such as be evill, my *Strappado for the Divell*.”

Of later multiple dedications may be mentioned Allan Ramsay’s *Proverbs* (1737), “ To the tenantry of Scotland, farmers of the dales, and storemasters of the hills.”

Tyrone Power, the famous Irish actor,

dedicated his *Impressions of America during the years 1833, 1834, and 1835* to the British Public in these words :—

“Most persons have a patron, from whose power and influence they have derived support, and of whose favour they feel proud. I cannot claim to be of the few who are above this adventitious sort of aid, self-raised and self-sustained ; on the contrary, I have a patron, the only one I ever sought, but whose favour has well repaid my pains of solicitation. The patron I allude to is yourself, my Public much courted, much abused, and commonly accused of either being coldly neglectful or capriciously forgetful of all sorts of merit. To me at least you have proved most kind, and hitherto most constant.”

In 1869 Mr. Reginald F. D. Palgrave published *Three Lectures on the House of Commons*, and dedicated his book to seven dead men and to one who was then alive, who were either clerks of Parliament or authors of works on the House of Commons, from Henry Elsynge to Sir Erskine May. The dedication ended with these words : “These pages are inscribed by their humble admirer and faithful servant.”

Marston, the dramatist, was a cynic who

passed by both friend and patron, and dedicated to himself his *Scourge of Villainy*: "To his most esteemed and beloved Selfe, Dat Dedicatque."

George Wither followed suit in his *Abuses Stript and Whipt* (1622): "To himselfe G. W. wisheth all happinesse." He gives seven reasons why he should dedicate the book to himself in preference to a patron, and ends thus :—

"But because I begin to growe tedious to my owne selfe, since therefore I shall have opportunitie enough to consider with thee what is further needful without an epistle : with my Prayers for my Prince, my country, my friends, and my owne prosperitie, without any leave-taking or commendations of my Selfe, I hartily wish my owne soul to fare-well.

"Thy Princes, thy Countries,

"thy friends, thine owne,

"whilst Reason masters affection,

"GEO. WITHER."

Colley Cibber's youngest daughter, Mrs. Charlotte Charke, dedicated the autobiography which she published in 1755 to herself in an amusing epistle beginning thus :—

“The Author to Herself. Madam,—Tho’ flattery is universally known to be the spring from which Dedications frequently flow, I hope I shall escape that odium so justly thrown on poetical petitioners, notwithstanding my attempt to illustrate those wonderful qualifications by which you have so eminently distinguish’d yourself, and gives you a just claim to the title of a nonpareil of the age.”

The author goes on:—

“Your exquisite taste in building must not be omitted : the magnificent airy castles, for which you daily drew out plans without foundation, must, could they have been distinguishable to sight, long ere this have darken’d all the lower world.”

The end is particularly quaint:—

“Your two friends Prudence and Reflection, I am inform’d, have lately ventur’d to pay you a visit ; for which I heartily congratulate you, as nothing can possibly be more joyous to the heart than the return of absent friends, after a long and painful peregrination. Permit me, madam, to subscribe myself for the future what I ought to have been some years ago, your real friend and humble servant,

“CHARLOTTE CHARKE.”

Otway prided himself on being the first author who wrote an epistle dedicatory to

his bookseller, and added that it was but just to do so, for he "paid honestly for the copy." This, however, was not virtue, but a hint to the nobles and gentry, who frequently forgot to pay for his praises of them. It is nonsense to say with Boswell, that booksellers are now "the patrons of literature," for it is not likely that they will undertake that which will probably be unprofitable, and he cannot be a good patron who waits for the public verdict.

Foote wrote an amusing dedication to his comedy of *The Englishman in Paris* (1753), which may appropriately be quoted here :—

"My Bookseller informs me, that the bulk of his Readers, regarding in a work of this kind the quantity more than the quality, will not be contented without an additional half sheet; and he apprehends that a short Dedication will answer the purpose. But as I have no obligations to any great man or woman in this country, and as I will take care that no production of mine shall want their patronage, I don't know any person whose good offices I so much stood in need of as my Bookseller's. Therefore, Mr. Vaillant, I think myself obliged to you

26 *The Dedication of Books.*

for the correctness of the Press, the beauty of the Type, and the goodness of the Paper with which you have decorated this work of

“Your humble servant,

“SAM FOOTE.

“Pall Mall, *April* 21, 1753.”

John Britton dedicated an edition of Anstey's *New Bath Guide* to the “Respectable Booksellers of Bath,” on the ground that he had found publishers to be not only his best, but his only patrons. He complimented the London publishers in a subsequent book.

Patronage is not necessarily degrading to authorship, but the payment to an author for a string of praise in the form of a dedication must necessarily destroy all sense of truth and independence in those who adopt so debasing a method of raising money. Although the earlier English dedications are mostly genuine, it appears that even in Elizabeth's reign a price was fixed upon dedications, more particularly those prefixed to plays. We learn from Nathaniel Field, who was originally one of the children of

Queen Elizabeth's chapel, and afterwards a famous actor, that the dedication fee in his time was forty shillings. He dedicated his comedy *A Woman is a Weather-cocke* (1612), to any woman that hath been no weathercock, and in the dedication he wrote: "I did determine not to have dedicated my play to anybody, because forty shillings I care not for, and above few or none will bestow on these matters, especially falling from so fameless a pen as mine is yet."

Not only would not the patrons give more than forty shillings, but sometimes it was difficult to get even that sum from them.

Payne Collier quotes from the dedication of *The Tragedy of Claudius Tiberius Nero* (1607) to Sir A. Mannering the following passage bearing on this point:—

"The reason wherefore so many plays have formerly been published without inscriptions unto particular patrons (contrary to the custom in divulging other books), although, perhaps, I could nearly guess, yet because I would willingly offend none, will now conceal."

Collier says that Chapman's dedication to

his *All Fools* (1605) seems to have been cancelled in many copies.

In spite of this disinclination among some to pay for praises in print, there were a numerous body of persons who were unable to resist the temptation; and it was even worth the while of cheats to elaborate a system of deceit to catch these. In Dekker's curious *O per se O* (1612) a chapter is devoted to the description of this trick. It is headed "Of Hawking," and here is explained—

"How to catche Birds by the Booke,

	{	A Falconer.
		A Lure.
Which is done by five nets, viz.		A Tercell-gentle.
		A Bird.
		A Mongril.

"Fawlconers. Of a new kinde of Hawking, teaching how to catch birds by Bookes.

"How to cast up the lure.

"How the bird is caught.

"How the bird is drest.

"This new kinde of Hawking . . . which you see us use, can afford no name unless 5 be at it, viz.,

"1. He that casts up the lure is called the Falconer.

"2. The Lure that is cast up is an idle pamphlet.

“3. The Tercel-gentle that comes to the lure is some knight or some gentleman of like qualitie.

“4. The bird that is preied upon is mony.

“5. He that walkes the horses and hunts dry foote is called a mongrell.

“The falconer having scraped together certaine small parings of witte, he first cuttes them hansomely in pretty pieces, and of those pieces does he patch up a booke. This booke he prints at his own charge.”

We then have a description of how the two cheats visit country houses and get money for dedicating this made-up book, a trick which they perform many times over.

“If a gentleman seeing one of these bookes dedicated onely to his name, suspect it to be a bastard that hath more fathers besides himselfe ”

he sends to St. Paul’s Churchyard

“to inquire if any such worke be come forth, and if they (the Stacioners) cannot tell, then to steppe to the printers.”

We are then told that if the books are found at the printers’, no dedications are there, and if the spy asks why this is, the printer tells him that

“the Author would not venture to adde any to them all (saving onely to that which was given to his Maister, untill it was knowne whether he would accept of it or no.”

“ From towne to towne they strowle, in soule as poore
As th’are in clothes : yet these at every doore,
Their labors dedicate. But (as at faires)
Like Pedlars they shew still one sort of wares
Unto all commers (with some filde oration),
And thus to give bookes now’s an occupation,
One booke hath seaven score patrons” . . .

A somewhat similar cheat is described in the sixth chapter :—

“ There is another fraternitie of wandering pilgrims who merrily call themselves Jackes of the Clock-house, and are very neere allied to the Falconers that went a Hawking before.”

These tricksters showed their chosen victims an engraved sheet, on which their patron’s name was carefully written in.

The trick of these poor cheats was imitated by those who had more pretension to be called authors. The *Lettres Heroiques, aux grands de l’Estat. Par le S^r de Rangouze* (Paris : 1644) were printed in script with a new type invented by P. Moreau. The

letters were unpagged, so that they might be arranged in any order, and each person addressed might be made to suppose himself honoured by the first place. Thomas Jordan prefixed high-flown dedications to his books, with blanks for the name to be filled in by a hand press. By this means he dedicated one book to several persons, and lived upon his wits. So easy a mode of obtaining money by false pretences is likely to have many followers, and we find the practice continually cropping up. It is said that only a few years ago a sharper in Berlin raised nearly a thousand pounds by a like method. Having written a rubbishing historical compilation, and printed an edition of two thousand copies, he selected from a directory the names of two thousand retired tradesmen. He then wrote a dedication, taking the precaution to change the name in each copy, and when the book was ready for delivery he sent a copy to each of his victims, with a flaming letter of praise. The next day he and his agents went round to collect the money, and few of the dupes

were found to object to paying half a guinea for such civil phrases.

Sometimes writers found out that they had dedicated their works to the wrong people, and therefore cancelled their praises or transferred them to new men. Thus dedications to Cromwell were naturally not in favour after the Restoration. Bishop Walton's magnificent Polyglot Bible continues to be a monument of the political changes of the seventeenth century, and there still remain republican as well as loyal copies. Cromwell patronised the work, and allowed the paper to be imported free of all duties both of excise and custom. When Charles II. came to the throne, the Cromwellian dedication was cancelled, and the praises of the grateful author were transferred to the legitimate king. Somewhat the same case occurred to Samuel Pepys, and in his *Diary* we have a picture of him hurrying to "St. Paul's Churchyard to cause the title of my English *Mare Clausum* to be changed, and the new title dedicated to the king to be put to it, because I am ashamed to have the other

seen, dedicated to the Commonwealth." Soon afterwards he notes that the book has "the new orthodox title."

The *Tatler* (No. 214) says that Tom D'Urfey wrote "a dedication to a certain lord, in which he celebrated him for the greatest poet and critic of that age upon a misinformation in *Dyer's Letter* that his noble patron was made Lord Chamberlain." It is also affirmed that a panegyric had been half printed off, when the poet, on the removal of the minister, was forced to alter it into a satire.

It was after the Restoration that the evil of bought dedications became rampant. Books and pamphlets were written, not because the author had anything to say, or the public cared to listen to his words, but because some rich man was willing to pay for the gratification of seeing himself styled a Mæcenas, and of being told that he possessed every virtue under heaven. Some of our greatest authors unfortunately have lent themselves to this base prostitution of their talents.

The price of the dedication naturally varied according to the importance of the book, and the fame of the author. Twenty and thirty pounds were frequently paid, and larger sums on special occasions. Bayle refused the Duke of Shrewsbury's offer of two hundred guineas for the dedication of his *Dictionary*, saying, "I have so often ridiculed dedications that I must not risk any."

From the Revolution to the time of George I. the price for the dedication of a play was from five to ten guineas, but when the author and his work were equally poor the dedicatee would often strike a harder bargain. Sometimes a patron was not satisfied with the author's commendation, and took the pen into his own hand. A case of this kind occurred to Peter Motteux,¹ which became so notorious that an epigram was

¹ "Oldmixon says that one Mr. Heveningham bought a dedication of Motteux, haggled with him about the price, and bargained for the number of lines and the superlatives of eulogy: not contented with this, he wrote the dedication himself, and made the miserable author put his name to it."—*Omniana*, i. 119.

written upon it. The patron is made to say:—

“I writ below myself you sot
Avoiding figures, tropes what not;
For fear I should my fancy raise
Above the level of thy plays.”

The play in question was *Beauty in Distress*, a tragedy published in 1698. It seems but fair that Mr. Heveningham's praises of himself should have full publicity, and therefore a pretty long extract is here given. One can only marvel that a man could sink so low as to pen such stuff in praise of himself, even though it was to appear under another's name.

“To the Honourable HENRY HEVENINGHAM,
Esq.

“Sir,—As *Beauty in Distress* has always found Protection from the Generous and the Brave, to throw herself into honorable hands and hospitable walls, she seeks a Patron here; fearless even of greater dangers than those she has happily escap'd, when your condescending goodness emboldens her to aspire to favours which her humble thoughts wou'd scarce permit her to expect. But while my fair Unfortunate rests secure under so auspicious a roof, my unhappier

hero will inevitably be lost there. He'll find that sweetness of temper, that gracefulness, that tenderness of soul, and every lovely qualification so much above him, that where he enters with Pride, he will sit down with envy. He will find you dividing your equally grateful conversation betwixt the gravity of the wise, the gayety of the witty, and the easy sprightliness of the fair, and entertaining the solid, the ingenious, and the beauteous, so as to improve the first, cheer the second, and charm the last."

It goes on in the same strain for four pages:—

"For my part, I hope never to seem so impudent as to debase with flattery the real worth which I wou'd extol.

"But I ought to finish this address, lest I usurp some of those moments which are due to your more entertaining diversions; and as the business of this epistle is not more to secure to this tragedy the honour of your patronage than to assure you of the deep respect of the author, I cannot conclude better than with a solemn protestation of being eternally, with the utmost veneration,

"Your most humble and most obedient Servant,

"PETER MOTTEUX."

It has not been found, even in later times, at all easy for an author to please the person

to whom he wishes to dedicate his work. Beloe relates in his *Sexagenarian* how he desired to dedicate a work to Horace Walpole, who did not like the terms used ; and after two attempts the dedication was given up. The letters of Walpole respecting this affair, in which he writes as usual in disparaging terms of his literary works, discover the hurt vanity of a morbid man. He says : "I have passed sentence on my trifles, and hope nobody will think better of them than I do myself, and then they will soon obtain that oblivion, out of which I wish I had never endeavoured to emerge."

By this time a healthier fashion had become prevalent, and this is illustrated by what Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, writes in his Memoirs :—

"In 1769 I preached an assize sermon at Cambridge, and was desired by the judge to publish it. This being the first of my publications (for my *Metallurgical Institutes* were not published), I dedicated it to the only person to whom I owed any obligation—Mr. Luther. I made it a rule never to dedicate to those from whom I expected favours, but to those only from whom I had received them.

The dedication of my collection of Theological Tracts to the Queen did not come under either of these descriptions. It proceeded from the opinion I then entertained of her merit as a wife and a mother."

It is not to be supposed that the absurdity of undeserved praise in dedications was allowed to go unnoticed by the satirists. Swift made some very caustic remarks upon it, and the fourteenth chapter of *Martinus Scriblerus, Of Sinking in Poetry*, is entitled "How to make Dedications Panegyrics or Satires ; and of the colour of Honourable and dishonourable" :—

"First of panegyric. Every man is honourable, who is so by law, custom, or title. The public are better judges of what is honorable than private men. The virtues of great men, like those of plants, are inherent in them, whether they are exerted or not ; and the more strongly inherent, the less they are exerted ; as a man is the more rich the less he spends. All great ministers, without either private or economical virtue, are virtuous by their posts ; liberal and generous upon the public money, provident upon the public supplies, just by paying public interest, courageous and magnanimous by the fleets and armies, magnificent upon the public expenses, and

prudent by public success. They have by their office a right to a share of the public stock of virtues." . . .

Thomas Gordon's anonymous *Dedication to a Great Man concerning Dedications* is an exceedingly good piece of satire, and it must have made some authors exceedingly uncomfortable at the time of its publication. Dedications are there described as "Bills of exchange drawn by the witty upon the great, and payable at sight." Gordon says:—

"I have known an author praise an Earl, for twenty pages together, though he knew nothing of him, but that he had money to spare. He made him wise, just, and religious for no reason in the world, but in hopes to find him charitable; and gave him a most bountiful heart, because he himself had a most empty stomach."

He then gives an imaginary bill for the good qualities plentifully bestowed upon the patron, which is well worthy of reproduction:—

The Right Honourable Dives, Earl of Widefield, Debtor to Paul Poorwit, for the following goods sold and delivered:—

		£	s.	d.
<i>Imprimis.</i>	For a large stock of learning, very much wanted - -	2	10	0
<i>Item.</i>	For a barrel of rare eloquence, admir'd by all the world, but never yet us'd - -	5	0	0
<i>It.</i>	For as much Justice and Honour as a great man has occasion for - - -	0	1	1½
<i>It.</i>	For a Hogshead of Courage that never saw the Sun -	10	0	0
<i>It.</i>	For half a pound of Wit and Humour, being all I had to spare, but very good in their kind, and dog cheap	1	0	0
<i>It.</i>	For a long line of lineage and great quantities of ancient blood, neither of them measur'd, but only guess'd at - - -	5	0	0
<i>It.</i>	For praising your ancestors, unknown - - - -	1	10	0
<i>It.</i>	For admiring your Lady's Beauty, unsight, unseen -	0	10	0
<i>It.</i>	For a graceful person, all my own making - - -	2	10	0
<i>It.</i>	For several thimblefulls of generosity, a scarce com- modity - - - -	0	2	5
	Sum total - - -	28	3	6½

The account to be sent with the following letter :—

My Lord,—I have sent you the above-mentioned goods, being the best my garret affords, and at the lowest price. I hope they will please you. You will find in the cargo several things which I have not item'd, viz., a large parcel of virtue, and another of good nature, because I knew you wanted them as much as any of the rest. These two articles will raise the whole to at least even thirty pounds; and I have drawn a bill upon your lordship accordingly, which I beg your lordship to pay at sight, for I assure you I have had pressing occasion for the money long before it was due. I might have found chap-men for these goods among very many of the nobility and gentry as unprovided with them as yourself; but out of pure respect to your lordship, I resolv'd you should have the refusal. In firm expectation of your approaching bounty, I am, my Lord, etc.

The learned Mrs. Carter, in her *Proposals for the Art of Punning*, has some strictures upon the debasement of the dedication. It is there affirmed that

“The dedication will be composed by Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who has read over ‘five and forty thousand dedications, from whence she has extracted a quintessence of all manner of good qualities, which are now offered to any person who will take the greatest number of subscriptions; and to obviate any scruple

that such well-disposed persons may have concerning the rightful owners, it is hereby declared that of all the five and forty fine things contained in each of the said forty thousand dedications, not one thereof did in any wise belong to its respective subject.'"

Before concluding this Introduction to the subject of Book Dedications, it seems necessary to say a few words on the simple addresses to the reader, so often called the gentle reader.¹ Edmund Howes, in dedicating Stow's *Annals* (1615), calls him "the honest and understanding reader;" and Sheppard, in his *Epigrams* (1651), addresses the "Reader candid and courteous." Lyly dedicated his *Euphues* to Lord de la Warre, to the Gentlemen Schollers of Oxford, and to Gentlemen Readers. To the latter he writes: "I was driven into a quandarie, gentlemen, whether I might sende this pamphlet to the printer or to the pedler: I thought it too bad for the presse and too good for the packe." And again: "We commonly see the booke that at Easter lyeth bounde on the Stacioner's stall,

¹ Brathwait's *Strappado for the Divell* (1615) has addresses to *the equall reader, the captious reader, and the gentle reader.*

at Christmasse to be broken in the Haberdasher's shop."

The printer dedicated Nicholas Breton's *Bower of Delights* (1591) to the Gentlemen Readers, and R. B. "*A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure* (1576) to the gentle Gentlewomen Readers.

Thomas Heywood inscribed *The Golden Age* "To the Reader," as he was loath "to see it thrust naked into the world, to abide the fury of all weathers without either title for acknowledgement or the formality of an epistle for ornament."

That delightful old character, John Florio, so dear to English philologists, dedicated his *Queen Anna's New World of Words, a Dictionarie of the Italian and English Tongues*, "To all Readers," and in this dedication he wrote :—

"To be Reader, requires understanding; to be a criticke, judgement. A Dictionarie gives armes to that and takes no harme of this, if it mistake not. I wish thee both, but feare neither, for I still rest

"Resolute JOHN FLORIO."

Allusion has already been made to the

dedication to Nat. Field's play, *A Woman is a Weathercock* (1612), and it is necessary here to refer to it again. After the dedication to "Any Woman" is an address to the reader, which is worth reprinting here entire. It runs:—

"Reader, the saleman swears you'll take it very ill, if I say not something to you too. In troth, you are a stranger to me: why should I write to you? you never writ to me, nor I think will not answer my epistle. I send a comedy to you here, as good as I could then make; nor slight my presentation, because it is a play; for I tell thee, reader, if thou be'st ignorant, a play is not so idle a thing as thou art, but a mirror of men's lives and acts; nor be it perfect or imperfect, true or false, is the vice or virtue of the maker. This is yet as well as I can, *qualis ego vel Cluvienus*. Thou must needs have some other language than thy mother-tongue, for thou think'st it impossible for me to write a play that did not use a word of Latin, though he had enough in him. I have been vexed with vile plays myself a great while, hearing many; now I thought to be even with some, and they should hear mine too. Fare thee well: if thou hast anything to say to me, thou know'st where to hear of me for a year or two, and no more I assure thee.

N. F."

A. Brome, when publishing his brother

Richard Brome's *Five New Playes* (1653), addresses the readers in a very affectionate strain. This address contains some interesting remarks on dedications, and is, therefore, here given as it stands in the book :—

“Beloved,—Being to write to a multitude of you (for I know you will be many) I forbear epithets, because the same will not fit all ; and I hate to make difference among freinds. I have often considered with myselfe, whether I were best to dedicate this booke or no ; and I have thought on the maine ends of Dedications, which I finde generally to be Flattery or Want. To the one my nature was ever averse ; and (were my debts all payd to me and by me) I should not be much concerned in the other. As for the two ordinary pretences, namely, Gratitude or Patronage, like Religion and Liberty, they are made but the vizors to somewhat else. For is it not a high piece of gratitude when an author has received favours from his Mæcenas, to requite him with a booke ; and to take or expect two or three peices from him for it, when another man shall buy the same book of the thriving stationers for halfe a crown ? And for Patronage or Protection I would faine know, if an author writes like a cockscombe, whether any Patron can protect him from being laught at, and he that writes well makes every one his Patron without a Dedication.

“ But in epistles of this nature something is usually

begg'd; and I would do so too, but I vow am puzzled what. 'Tis not acceptance, for then you'le expect I should give it; 'tis not money, for then I shou'd loose my labour; 'tis not praise, for the author bid me tell you, that now he is dead, he is of Falstaff's minde, and cares not for Honour; 'tis not pardon, for that supposes a fault, which (I beleieve) you cannot finde. But if you'le know what it is, it is that you would expect nothing else of Preface or Apologie, from yours, as his owne,

“A. BROME.”

Thomas Killigrew prefixed a quaint address to his *Comedies and Tragedies* (1664):—

“To the Reader,—I shall only say, If you have as much leasure to read as I had to write these plays, you may, as I did, find a diversion; though I wish it you upon better terms than twenty years' banishment.

“Yours,

“THO. KILLIGREW.”

Some authors have chosen to dedicate their books to abstractions. Thus Dr. Pinckard inscribed his *Notes on the West Indies* (1806) to Friendship in these words:—

“Looking round, as it is said authors are wont, for a great personage, to whose name I might dedicate my work, I have not found it possible to fix upon any one to whom I could with so much propriety consign it, as to . . . its Parent! Accept, then, Benign

Power ! thine offspring : cherish it even as thou hast begotten it ; and cause thy warmest influence ever to animate the heart of thy faithful and devoted servant,

“ THE AUTHOR.”

In course of time the evil of bought dedications worked its own cure, for the practice sank so low in public estimation that it went out of fashion, and may be said to have almost gone out of existence.

Pope has the credit of having put an end to the old abject dedication ; but he had found a more profitable patron in the public, who subscribed for copies of his works.

It has now again partially become the custom to dedicate a book to the friend who either has been the suggester of it or has felt special interest in its production ; and our literature can show several good specimens of this class, reference to which will be made in the last chapter of this book.





CHAPTER I.

EARLY DEDICATIONS.

THIS chapter may be appropriately opened with a reference to a very important book,—viz., William Thynne's edition of Chaucer's Workes (1532), both on account of the great interest of this collected edition of the works of our first great classic, and also because it is closely connected with one of the late Mr. Bradshaw's brilliant bibliographical discoveries. Thynne dedicated his book to Henry VIII. in an address full of manly sense, although praising the king in terms which to our present taste are rather too flattering to be just :—

“I thought it in maner appertenant unto my dewtie, and that of very honesty and love to my countrey I ought no lesse to do, than to put my help-

ying hande to the restauracion and bringynge agayne to lyght of the said workes, after the trewe copies and exemplaries aforesaid. And devisyng with my selfe who of all other were most worthy to whom a thyng so excellent and notable shulde be dedicate, which to my conceite semeth for the admiracion, noveltie and strangnesse that it myght be reputed to be of in the tyme of the author in comparison as a pure and fyne tryed precious or polyced jewell out of a rude or indigest masse or mater, none coulde to my thynkyng occurre, that syns, or in the tyme of Chaucer, was or is suffycient, but onely your maiestie royall, whiche by discrecyon and jugement, as moost absolute in wysedome and all kyndes of doctryne coulde, and of his innate clemence and goodnesse wolde, adde or gyve any authorite herunto."

Thynne proceeds to glorify the king and the English language, designating the former as "most excellent and in all vertues most prestant prince," and becoming still more gorgeous in his description as he warms to his work :—

"Most gracious, victorious, and of God most electe and worthy prince, my most dradde soveraygne lorde, in whom of very merite, dewtie, and successyon is renewed the glorious tytell of Defenser of the Christen faithe whiche by your noble progenytour, the great

Constantyne, somtyme kyng of this realme and emperour of Rome, was nexte God and his apostels chefely maynteyned corroborate and defended."

This edition of Chaucer was printed by Godfray, and a bibliographical puzzle arose as to what it was that Leland referred to when he wrote of an edition edited by Thynne, and published by Berthelet, for which Sir Brian Tuke wrote a preface. Now Mr. Bradshaw found on a copy of Godfray's edition in the library of Clare College, Cambridge, the following note at the head of the above dedication. "This preface, I, sir Bryan Tuke, knight, wrote at the request of Mr. Clarke of the Kechyn then being, tarying for the tyde at Grenewich." This set Mr. Bradshaw to attempt the solution of the difficulty, and he found that the woodcut frame round the title in Godfray's edition (Thynne, 1532) "is that which having belonged to Pynson, the Kyng's Printer, was transferred to Berthelet, his successor as King's Printer; and this is enough to show that there were printing relations between Berthelet and Godfray

sufficient to allow this to be the edition meant." The dedication therefore, although bearing the name of Thynne, was really written by Tuke.

Mr. Bradshaw wrote to Mr. Furnivall respecting this discovery: "It would be difficult to find a prettier coincidence in all points; the tarrying for the tide at Greenwich, when we learn from quite other sources (1) that Thynne's office was at Greenwich, and (2) that he lived down the Thames at Erith."¹

The writer of these pages knows that Mr. Bradshaw was particularly pleased with this discovery, for he described it to him several years after with great delight.

The early arithmetician Robert Recorde dedicated his *Grounde of Artes* to Edward VI., and his *Castle of Knowledge* to Queen Mary; *The Whetstone of Witte* he inscribed to the Company of Venturers into Moscovia. De Morgan points out that the latter title is a punning one. The old name of Algebra

¹ Mr. Bradshaw's letter is printed in Dr. Furnivall's new edition of F. Thynne's *Animadversions on Chaucer's Works* (1875: Chaucer and Early English Text Societies), p. xxvi.

was the cossic art (from *cosa*, a thing) ; hence the appropriateness of the title *Whetstone of Wit* (*cos ingenii*).

Dr. Turner dedicated the revised edition of his *Herbal* (1568) "to the most noble and learned Princesse in all kindes of good lerninge, Queene Elizabeth" in a very lively address. He writes :—

"The Printer had geven me warninge there wanted nothinge to the settinge oute of my hole Herbal (saving only a Preface, wherein I might require some both mighty and learned Patron to defend my laboures against spitefull and envious enemies to all mennis doyinges saving their owne, and declare my good minde to him that I am bound unto by dedicating and geving these my poore labours unto him. I did seke out everye where in my mind, howe that I coulde come by suche a Patron as had both learning and sufficient autoritie, joyned therewith to defend my poore labours against their adversaries, and in the same person suche friendshippe and good will towards me, by reason whereof I were most bound unto above all other. After longe turninge this matter over in my mind, it came to my memorye that in all the hole realme of England, that there were none more fit to be Patronesse of my Booke, and none had deserved so muche, to whom I shuld dedicate and geve the same as your most excellent sublimitie hath done :

I have dedicated it therefore unto your most excellent sublimitie, and do geve it for the avoydinge of all suspicion of ingratitude or unkindnes unto you as a token and a witnes of the acknowledginge of the great benefites that I have receyved of your princely liberalitie of late years. As for the supremitie of your power, might and autoritie in this realme, there are none that will denye it saving onlye the bewitched hipocrites and bound men of the spiritual Babylon. As for your knowledge in the Latin tonge xviii yeares ago or more, I had in the Duke of Somersettes house (beynge his Physition at that tyme). a good tryal thereof, when as it pleased your grace to speake Latin unto me : for although I have both in England, lowe and highe Germanye, and other places of my longe travell and pelgrimage, never spake with any noble or gentle woman, that spake so wel and so much congrue fyne and pure Latin, as your grace did unto me so longe ago : sence whiche tyme howe muche and wonderfullye ye have proceeded in the knowledge of the Latin tonge, and also profited in the Greke, Frenche and Italian tonges and others also, and in all partes of Philosophie and good learninge, not onlye your owne faythfull subjectes, beynge far from all suspicion of flattery, bear witnes, but also strangers, men of great learninge in their bokes set out in the Latin tonge, geve honorable testimonye."

Having set out the reasons for his gratitude to the Queen, Dr. Turner goes on to plead

for the worthiness of his book in these words :—

“Wherefore your Mayestie hath largelye deserved to have a great deale worthier gift for the greatnes and manifoldnes of the benefites that ye have bestowed upon me youre poore subjecte. But although even as I thinke my selfe it be but a small present in comparison of youre worthines, state, dignitie and degre, and benefites towards me : yet my good will considered and the profite that maye come to all youre subjectes by it, it is not so small as my adversaries peradventure will esteeme it. For some of them will saye, seyinge that I graunte that I have gathered this booke of so manye writers, that I offer unto you an heape of other mennis laboures, and nothings of myne owne, and that I goo about to make me frendes with other mennis travayles, and that a booke intreatinge onelye of trees, herbes and wedes, and shrubbes, is not a mete present for a prince. To whom I annswere, that if the honye that the bees gather out of so many floures of herbes, shrubbes, and trees, that are growing in other mennis medowes, feildes and closes ; maye iustelye be called the bees honye : and Plinies book *de naturali historia* maye be called his booke, although he have gathered it oute of so manye good writers whom he vouchsaveth to name in the beginninge of his worke : so may I call it that I have learned and gathered of manye good autoures not without great laboure and

payne my booke, and namelye because I have handled no one autor, so as a craftie, covetous, and Popishe printer handled me of late, who suppressing my name, and levinge out my Preface, set out a booke (that I set out of Welles, and had corrected not without some laboure and coste) with his preface, as though the booke had bene his owne."

E. A. dedicated his translation of *The Politicke and Militarie Discourses of the Lord de la Nouue* (1587) to George Earl of Cumberland.

He does not praise the work, but leaves that to those whose knowledge and judgment are greater than his: "The rather thereto induced by the like example of Menedemus the Lacedemonian, who was wont to say that the quality and condition of the praiser ought to be as well regarded as that of the praised. Insinuating thereby that it was unfit very for any man to commend the thing wherein his judgement might fayl or his education be thereto not answerable."

Cyprian Lucar dedicated his treatise named *Lucarsolace* (1590) "To the Right Worshipfull his brother-in-law Maister William

Roe Esquier and Alderman of the honorable Citie of London."

"I would here earnestly desire you to be patron of my Lucarsolace, but I think it not necessarie ; for as spurres unto those which cannot be stopped with bridles are needlesse, so intreaties to you who are thereunto perswaded, and have already granted my desire therein, will be superfluous."

Spenser was a great dedicator. The *Faerie Queene* he inscribed "to the most mightie and magnificent empresse Elizabeth," the heroine of the allegory. Also to Sir Walter Raleigh, with whose name *Colin Clout's come Home again* is connected.

"The which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of paiment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge my selfe bounden unto you, for your singular favours, and sundrie good turnes, shewed to me at my late being in England ; and with your good countenance protect against the malice of evill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning."

The Ruines of Time bears the name of "Sidney's Sister," "the Right noble and beautiful Ladie, the La : Marie, Countesse of Pembroke" :—

“Most Honourable and bountifull Ladie, there bee long sithens deepe sowed in my brest the seede of most entire love and humble affection unto that most brave knight, your noble brother deceased ; which taking roote, began in his life time some what to bud forth, and to shew themselves to him, as then in the weaknes of their first spring ; and would in their riper strength (had it pleased high God till then to drawe out his daies) spired forth fruit of more perfection.

“But since God hath disdeigned the world of that most noble Spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the Patron of my young muses, togeather with him both their hope of anie further fruit was cut off, and also the tender delight of those their first blossoms nipped and quite dead.” . . .

Muiopotmos, or the Fate of the Butterflie bears an elegant little inscription to the Lady Carey, commencing thus :—

“Most brave and bountifull La: for so excellent favours as I have received at your sweet handes, to offer these fewe leaves as in recompence, should be as to offer flowers to the Gods for their divine benefites.” . . .

The gorgeous series of sonnets addressed to Sir Christopher Hatton, the Earls of Essex, Oxenford, Northumberland, Ormond, and Cumberland, Lord Ch. Howard, Sir Walter

Raleigh, Lord Burleigh, Lord Hunsdon, Lord Buckhurst, Sir F. Walsingham, Sir John Norris, Countess of Pembroke, and Lady Carew, may be considered as dedications.

Spenser did not stand alone in his appreciation of the celebrated Countess of Pembroke, for she was a favourite subject for the dedicator's praises, and Mr. Huth's privately printed volume of *Prefaces, Dedications, and Epistles* contains five dedications to that distinguished lady, varying in date from 1591 to 1609. Nicholas Breton inscribed *The Pilgrimage to Paradise* (1592) to the Countess in very high-flown terms:—

“ Right noble Lady, whose rare vertues the wise no lesse honour, then the learned admire, and the honest serve: how shall I, the abject of fortune, unto the object of honour presume to offer so simple a present, as the poeticall discourse of a poore pilgrimes travaile? I know not how but, with falling at the feete of your favour, to crave pardon for my imperfection. Who hath redde of the Duchess of Urbina, may saie, the Italians wrote wel: but who knows the Countesse of Penbrooke, I thinke hath cause to write better: and if she had many followers, have not you mo servants? and if they were so mindfull of their favours, shall we be forgetfull of our dueties? No, I am assured, that some

are not ignorant of your worth, which will not be idle in your service : that will make a title, but a tittle, where a line shall put downe a letter : and if she have received her right in remembrance, you must not have wrong in being forgotten : if shee were the honour of witte, you are the comfort of discretion ; if shee were the favourer of learning, you are the maintainer of Arte ; and if she had the beauty of nature, you beautifie nature with the blessing of the spirite : and in summe, if she had any true perfection to be spoken of, you have many mo truly to be written of : which among all, the least able to judge of, and of all the very least worthy in your favour to write of, your poore unworthy named poet, who by the indiscretion of his youth, the malice of envy, and the disgrace of ingratitude, had utterly perished (had not the hand of your honor revived the hart of humility) will not so bury in the grave of oblivion, but that your deserved fame shall so sounde in the eares of honourable hearts that, if I spake more then I maie, the judgement of the wise and the tongues of the learned, I know, will no lesse cleere me of flattery, then wish, a minde of more perfection to be employed in your service." . . .

Breton again addresses his patroness, six years later, in *Auspicante Jehouā, Marie's Exercise* (1597), when he excuses himself for having been so long silent in her praise :—

“ Right Honorable, my bounden service in all duety

remembred, I have often read and heard, which I verelye beleeve, that in the nature of man there is no greater blot of disgrace, then the vile note of ingratitude, with which wicked humor fearing my long forgetfullnesse of your favoure may make my heart in some suspition unhappily to bee touched, I have presumed humbly to present unto the faire eye of your discreete vertue a little fruite of my late and best labours ; wherein your Ladyship may vouchsafe to see that, although I cannot as I would finde meanes to discharge the care of my duty, yet in my best thoughts I have not forgotten you, when in my daiely praiers unto God I doe remember you." . . .

A much greater man than Breton—Samuel Daniel—glorified Lady Pembroke in verse, in the dedication to *Cleopatra* :—

“ Behold the worke which once thou didst impose,
Great sister of the Muses, glorious starre
Of femall worth : who didst at first disclose
Unto our times, what noble powers there are
In women’s harts, and sent example farre
To call up others to like studious thoughts,
And me at first from out my low repose
Didst raise to sing of state and tragicke notes.”

Daniel goes on to speak of “delicious Wilton” as “that arbor of the Muses grac’d by thee.” He calls on Italy to produce their

best, "and we shall parallel them every way."

"They cannot shew a Sidney, let them shew
All their choice peeces, and bring all in one
And altogether shall not make that shew
Of wonder and delight as he hath donne :
He hath th' Olympian prize (of all that run
Or ever shall with mortall powers), possess
In that faire course of glory, and yet now
Sydney is not our all, although our best."

Daniel dedicated *The Civile Wars between the Houses of Lancaster and York* (1609) to the Countess in a prose address concerning his great historical poem, ending thus:—"I must not neglect to prosecute the other part of this worke; being thus revived by your goodnes, to whome, and to whose noble family, I hold my selfe ever bound; and will labour to doo you all the honor and service I can."

Sidney, equally with his sister, was, as might be expected, a favourite subject for the dedicators' praises.

Stephen Gosson's dedication of *The Ephemerides of Phialo* (1586) "to the right

noble Gentleman Master Philip Sydney Esquier,” commences thus:—

“It was a custome right worshipfull, among the Heathens, when they had travayled the Seaes, and escaped the danger, to sacrifice some part of their treasure to that God, which they judged to bee their deliverer : and sith it hath beene my fortune to beare sayle in a storme, since my first publishing the *Schoole of Abuse*, and too bee tossed by such as fome without reason, and threaten me death without a cause, feeling not yet my finger ake, I can but acknowledge my safetie in your worships patronage, and offer you Phialo my chieftest juell, as a manifest pledge of my thankefull heart.”

George Turberville, the translator of the *Eclogues of Baptista Mantuanus* (1567), dedicated his work to his uncle, “Maister Hugh Bamfild Esquier,” in these words:—

“Worshipful, as desire not altogither to be idle and waste the golden Time (the rarest of all Jewels) procure me to undertake the translation of this Poet ; so Nature with your sundrie curtesies bestowed on me without hope of recompence at any time, enforced me (for want of better way to shewe my goode meaning) to dedicate to you this rude and slender Booke, translated into our mother tongue. Hoping that as I have not wronged the Poet in any poynt in my translation, or impaide his credite with the Latins, in forcing him

to speake with an English mouth contrary to his nature and kinde : so neyther that I have ministred you occasion to myslike with me for dedication of the same to you : a man whose benefites I may and will endeavour to requite, but shall never be able to rid my score of his good turnes, or cancell the obligation of hys many and infinite curtesies. If a man be bound by all meanes that he may gratifie hys well deserving friendes : then may I not quiet my selfe and be at silence till I have devised the requital of some part of your friendships by some slender gift, such as my Fortune and present chaunce will permit me to exhibite unto you. . . . Wherefore (Uncle) as I shal crave you to accept this my slender gift, undertaking the Patronage and Defence of the same : So shall I request the Gods to allowe you the aged Nestors yeares, with no mysseadventure in al your life.

“Your nephewe and daylie orator,

“GEORGE TURBERVILLE.”

Thomas Harman's curious *Caveat or Warening for Commen Cursetors vulgarely called Vagabones* (1567), is dedicated rather inappropriately to a lady. The dedication commences thus :—

“To the ryght honorable and my singular good Lady, ELIZABETH COUNTES of SHREWSBURY, Thomas Harman wisheth all joye and perfite felicitie, here and in the worlde to come.

“As of auncient and long tyme there hath bene, and is now at this present, many good, godly, profitable lawes and actes made and setforthe in this most noble and floryshynge realme, for the reliefe, succour, comforte and sustentacion of the poore, nedy, impotent and myserable creatures beinge and inhabiting in all parts of the same; So is there (ryghte honorable and myne especyall good Lady) most holsom estatutes, ordinances and necessary lawes, made, setforth and publisshed, for the extreme punishement of all vagarantes and sturdy vacabons, as passeth throughe and by all parts of this famous yle, most idelly and wyckedly: and I wel, by good experience, understandinge and consideringe your most tender, pytyfull, gentle and noble nature,—not onely havinge a vygelant and mercifull eye to your poore, indygent, and feable parishnores; yea not onely in the parishe where your honour moste happely doth dwell, but also in others invyroninge or nighe adjoyninge to the same; as also abundantly powringe out dayely your ardent and bountifull charytie uppon all such as commeth for reliefe unto your luckly gates.”

Lord Burghley was honoured with numerous dedications, and to him Gerard inscribed his *Herbal*, in an interesting address, singing the praises of gardening:—

“If delight may provoke men’s labour, what greater delight is there then to behold the earth apparelled

with plants as with a robe of embroidered worke, set with orient pearles and garnished with great diversity of rare and costly jewels? If this varietie and perfection of colours may affect the eye, it is such in herbs and floures, that no Apelles, no Zeuxis ever could by any art expresse the like; if odours or if tastes may worke satisfaction, they are both so soveraigne in plants and so comfortable that no confection of the Apothecaries can equal their excellent vertue. But these delights are in the outward sences, the principall delight is in the minde, singularly enriched with the knowledge of these visible things, setting forth to us the invisible wisdom and admirable workmanship of almighty God."

Thomas Speght dedicated his edition of *Chaucer* (1598) to Sir Robert Cecil, and in the dedication he refers to "that honourable good Lady your mother, who gave me yearly exhibition all the time of my continuance in Cambridge."

Bacon dedicated the 1597 edition of his *Essays* to "Mr. Anthony Bacon, his dear brother," and the 1612 edition, in a pleasant address, "to my loving brother, Sir John Constable."

Philemon Holland dedicated his transla-

tion of Pliny's *Naturall Historie* (1601) to Sir Robert Cecil :—

“ The rare wisdom, justice and eloquence which concur in your person like the severall beauties of the rubie, amethyst, and emeraud, meeting in one faire opal, giveth a lovely lustre to your other titles no lesse than if the nine Muses and Apollo represented naturally that rich agat of K. Pyrrhus were inserted therein.”

Chapman made his translation of the *Iliad* a vehicle for the conveyance of a considerable amount of superlative flattery to the lords and ladies of James's court. There we read of “ the Sacred Fountaine of Princes, Sole Empresse of Beautie and Vertue, Anne Queen of England, &c.,” “ the highborn Prince of men, Henry Prince royal, inheritor to the United Kingdom of Great Britain,” &c., “ our English Athenia, chaste arbitress of virtue and learning, the Lady Arabella,” “ the Right Noble and (by the great eternizer of virtue Sir P. Sydney,) long since eternized Right Virtuous, the accomplisht Lord Wotton, &c.,” “ the happy Starre discovered in our Sydneian Asterisme,

comfort of learning, sphere of all the vertues, the Lady Wrothe." This lady was daughter of Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester. The worthless Viscount Rochester, * afterwards Earl of Somerset, was the patron of Chapman, but it is not pleasant to see him described as the "the most honoured and judicial honourer of Retired Virtue." Chapman describes the Earl of Montgomery as "the Right Gracious Illustrator of vertue, and Worthy of the favour Royall." This was the man who was called by Walpole "that memorable simpleton." There are many more like these, but for obvious reasons the address to Lady Arabella Stuart was afterwards withdrawn.

Ben Jonson's series of dedications is of the greatest interest. *Every Man in his Humour* is dedicated to the great Camden in a manly epistle where the author says :—" I am none of those that can suffer the benefits conferr'd upon my youth to perish with my age. It is a frail memory that remembers but present things." Jonson did not forget his respected teacher, and in his fourteenth Epigram he

addressed the celebrated antiquary as he

“To whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know.”

Every Man out of his Humour is inscribed “To the noblest nurseries of Humanity and Liberty in the Kingdom : the Inns of Court” in an elegant address ; *Cynthia’s Revels*, “to the special fountain of Manners, the Court ;” and *The Fox*, “To the most noble and most equal sisters the two famous Universities, for their love and acceptance shewn to his poem in the presentation Ben Jonson the grateful acknowledger dedicates both it and himself.” This long, but much admired, address is dated “from my House in the Black-Friars his 11th day of February 1607.”

The Poetaster is dedicated “to the virtuous and my worthy friend Mr. Richard Martin,” Recorder of the City of London ; *Sejanus*, “to the no less noble by virtue then blood Esme Lord Aubigny,” of whom he writes in Epigram 127 :—

“Is there a hope that man would thankful be,
If I should fail in gratitude to thee,
To whom I am so bound owe Aubigny?”

The Silent Woman bears the name of "the truly noble by all titles Sir Francis Stuart;" and *The Alchemist* is inscribed "to the Lady most deserving her name and blood Lady Mary Wroth." To this lady, the author of a romance called *Urania*, Epigrams 103 and 105 are addressed. Lady Wroth was, as stated on a previous page, a Sidney; and when her father's (Robert, Earl of Leicester) old captains of the Flushing garrison knew that his daughter was about to be married to Sir Robert Wroth, they sent £200 to London "to buy her a chayn of perles, or otherwise to employ as she pleases. We humbly desyre that it may be accepted as a Remembrance of the love of her poore servants hear."¹

There is a noble poem addressed to Sir Robert Wroth in *The Forest*.

Chamberlain, writing to Carleton on March 17th, 1614, says: "Sir Robert Wroth dead, leaving a young wife with £1,200 jointure, a son a month old, and his estate £23,000 in debt."

¹ *Sidney Papers*, vol. ii., p. 305, quoted by Colonel Cunningham in his edition of Gifford's *Jonson*.

Catiline is dedicated "to the great example of Honour and Virtue the most noble William, Earl of Pembroke, Lord Chamberlain," etc. "In so thick and dark an ignorance, as now almost covers the age, I crave leave to stand near your light, and by that to be read." The *Book of Epigrams* is also dedicated to the Earl of Pembroke, the friend of the poets.

The New Inn is addressed "To the Reader." "If thou be such, I make thee my patron, and dedicate the piece to thee ; if not so much, would I had been after the charge of thy better literature."

Many of Jonson's dedications appeal from the blindness of play-goers to the good sense of readers. There is much contentious matter in them ; but they are mostly noble productions which do honour to him who was equally a good prose writer and a poet. These dedications are in marked contrast to most of the addresses of a like kind of the period, for Jonson never disgraces himself by abject flattery. He never forgets what is due to himself while praising his patrons.

Elizabeth Grymeston dedicated her *Miscellanea* (1604) "to her loving sonne, Bernye Grymeston" in a long epistle, from which the following is extracted:—

"My dearest sonne, there is nothing so strong as the force of love, there is no love so forcible as the love of an affectionate mother to her naturall childe; there is no mother can either more affectionately shew her nature, or more naturally manifest her affection, than in advising her children out of her owne experience, to eschew evill and encline them to do that which is good. . . .

"Thou seest my love hath carried me beyond the list I resolved on, and my aking head and trembling hand have rather a will to offer, than abilitie to afford further discourse. Wherefore with as many good wishes to thee as good will can measure, I abruptly end, desiring God to blesse thee with sorrow for thy sinnes, thankfulnessse for his benefits, feare of his judgements, love of his mercies, mindfulness of his presence, that living in his feare, thou mayst die in his favor, rest in his peace, rise in his power, remaine in his glory for ever and ever.

"Thine assured loving mother

"ELIZABETH GRYMESTON."

The dedication of *The Raven's Almanac* (1609) by Thomas Decker is a curious production, full of information respecting the

wiles of the wicked world which the smaller authors of the time were never tired of writing about. The epistle is too long to quote entire, but the following extract will give a good idea of the whole :—

“ To the Lyons of the Wood (the young Courtiers), to the wilde Buckes of the Forrest (the gallants and younger Brothers), to the Harts of the field, and to all the whole countrey that are brought up wisely, yet proove guls ; and are borne riche, yet die beggers : the new English Astrologer dedicateth his Ravens Almanacke.”

“ O you Lyons of the Wood ! (you young Courtiers) that are kept warme under the wings of princes and kings of Christendom, well may I cal you the lyons of the wood ; for this yeare of 1609 shall you range up and downe the woods, Parks, and chases, which were left unto you by your ancestors, ful of tall trees that stood like so many armed men to defend your noble houses from falling, and your countrie from the colde stormes of Winter, But now I say, and prophecie it (with a Raven-like voice) that, like Lyons rob'd of their young, shall you goe up and down madding and raging to see your ancient honors defaced, and the memorie of your forefathers buried as it were (so far forth as the crueltie of these latter devouring times could reach unto) even under the rootes of those stately oakes, whose glories they

raised to a full height, but now have their heads hid beneath the earth. The propertie of the Lyon is to feare a cocke ; so likewise shall you this yere, if not be afraid, yet be loath to heare the voices of Mercers, Taylors, Haberdashers, Sempsters, &c., who like Cockes will (I gather by the rules of my art) stand crowing betimes at your chamber dores for mony, and like Bell-men (with papers in their handes) watch to strike you downe with heavie and unconscionable items. Gather your selves therfore together in heards, and like lyons indeed fright them with your surly lookes, or else like Elephants carrie whole castles on your backs, and furnish those castles with good store of golde and silver : so will they be affraid to assault you : let not your strength or courage lye altogether (like the lyons) in your taile, but rather in the paw, stretch forth that boldly, and whatsoever it fastens uppon (albeit it should bee a whole Lordship) yet let it not goe till you have torne it in sunder, and made it more leuell then Salisburie plaine. And O you the wilde Buckes of the Forrest (I meane the gallants and yonger Brothers of this or any other kingdome), looke that you preserve wel the hornes of that abundance, left unto you by your scraping and carefull fathers, leaste they fall into the hands of Usurers, (who commonly are the keepers of your Lands) as forfeits, or rather as their fees ; make the pales of their parkes where you run hye : that neither you breake out of them, nor others breake them down, and so scatter you. Suffer no rascal deere to runne

amongst you, that is to say no Pandars, Buffons, English Guls, nor Parasites: beare up your heads bravely, and not to proudly, for I finde by the conjunction of some planets, that this yeare many of you will be hunted by Marshals men, Bayliffes and Catchpoles, and that some will be driven to take soile in the bottomles rivers of the two Counters, they wil so hardly be pursued either by Greyhounds of that breed or else by Fleet-houndes, whose feet are as swift, and sent as good. . . . ”

There is one dedication which, although it is probably read by few, is known to a larger number of readers than any other address of the same kind—viz., that to James I. prefixed to our English Bibles. Great praise is given to the king, and the translators take the opportunity of saying a word for themselves :—

“ So that if, on the one side, we shall be traduced by Popish persons at home or abroad . . . or if, on the other side, we shall be maligned by self-conceited brethren who run their own way and give liking unto nothing but what is framed by themselves, and hammered on their anvil, we may rest secure, supported within by the truth and innocency of a good conscience, having walked the ways of simplicity and

integrity as before the Lord; and sustained without by the powerful protection of your majesty's grace and favour which will ever give countenance to honest and Christian endeavours against bitter censures and uncharitable imputations."

The popular Prince Henry was addressed by Peacham in his *Minerva Britanna*, 1612:—

"To the Right High and Mightie HENRIE eldest sonne of our Sovereigne Lord the King, PRINCE OF WALES, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, and Knight of the most noble order of the Garter.

"Most excellent Prince, Having by more then ordinarie signes, tasted heeretofore of your gracious favour; and evidently knowen your Princely and generous inclination to all good Learning and excellencie, I am emboldened once againe to offer up at the altar of your gracious acceptance these mine Emblemes; a weake (I confesse,) and a worthlesse sacrifice, though an assured pledge of that zeale and duetie I shall ever most religiouslie owe unto your Highnes: shewing herein rather a will to desire, then worth to deserve, so peerlesse a patronage. Howsoever the world shall esteeme them in regard of their rude and homely attire, for the most part they are roially discended, and repaire into your owne bosome, (farre from the reach of envie) for their pro-

tection. For in truth they are of right your owne, and no other then the substance of those divine instructions his Majestie your royall father præscribed unto you, your guide (as that golden branch to Æneas) to a vertuous and true happy life. It is now two yeares since I presented unto your Highnes some of them, then done by me into Latine verse, with their pictures drawen and limned by mine owne hand in their lively coulours ; wherein, as neere as I could, I observed the method of his Maiesties BASILICON DORON, but by reason of the great number I had since that newly invented ; with some others collected, (tieng my invention to no one subject as before) I am here constrained as well of necessitie as for varietie sake, to intermixe (as it were *promiscuè*) one with the other in one entire volume, the rather because of their affinitie & end, which is one and the selfe same, that is, the fashioning of a vertuous minde. I dare not discourse at large unto your Highnes of the manifold use, nature, libertie and ever esteemed excellencie of this kind of Poesie : it being the rarest and of all others the most ingenious, and wherein the greatest Princes of the world many times have most happily exercised their invention : because I doubt not, but your Highnes already knoweth whatsoever I might speak herein. Onely what I have done, I most humbly offer up the same unto your gracious view and protection : desiring of God to beautifie and enrich your most hopeful & heroique minde with the divinest giftes of his grace and knowledge, heartily wishing

there were any thing in me worthy of the least favour and respect of so excellent a Prince.

“ To your Highnes,
“ The most sincerely and affectionately

“ devoted
“ in all dutie and service,
“ HENRY PEACHAM.”

Ben Jonson dedicated his *Masque of Queenes* (1607) “ To the glory of our own and grief of other nations, my lord Henry, prince of Great Britain.”

Drayton also addressed the first part of his *Poly-olbion* to the same “ hopefull heyre of the kingdoms of this Great Britaine.”

There is a portrait of the Prince of Wales in this book, and opposite are these lines:—

“ Britaine, behold here portray'd to thy sight,
Henry, thy best hope and the world's delight ;
Ordain'd to make thy eight great Henries, nine :
Who, by that vertue in the trebble Trine,
To his owne goodnesse (in his Being) brings
These several glories of th' eight English kings ;
Deep knowledge, greatnes, long life, Policy,
Courage, Zeale, Fortune, awfull Maiestie.
He like great Neptune on three Seas shall rove,
And rule three Realmes, with triple ower, like
Jove ;

Thus in soft Peace, thus in tempestuous Warres,
Till from his foote, his fame shall strike the starres. '

Michael Du Val's *Spanish-English Rose* is dedicated to the intriguing Gondomar in very florid terms, which commence thus :—

“ To the flower of the West,
The delight of Spaine,
The Life of Wit,
The Light of Wisdome ;
Mercury of Eloquence,
Glory of the Gowne,
Phœbus in Court,
Nestor in Councell,
Christian Numa,
Principal Ornament of his time.”

Then follow his titles, ending with his “divine virtues.”

Gervase Markham dedicated his *English Husbandman* (1613) “To the Right Honourable and his singular good Lord, the Lord Clifton, Baron of Layton.”

“It was a custome (right honourable and my most singular good Lord), both amongst the auntient Romans, and also amongst the wise Lacedemonians, that every idle person should give an account of the expence of

his howers. Now I that am most idle, and least imployed in your familie, present here unto your Lordship's hands an account of the expence of my idle time, which how well or ill, it is, your noble wisdoms must both judge and correct."

The first edition of Camden's *Remaines of a Greater Work* (1605) is dedicated to "The right worshipful worthy and learned Sir Robert Cotton," by M. N., these being the final letters of the names *William Camden*, instead of the initials. The author remarks: "Temples (saith the auncient Aristides) are to be dedicated to the Gods, and Bookes to good men." The second edition (1614) contains these words: "Pardon me, Right Worthy Baronet, if at the Printer's request I addresse these Remaines, with some supplement, to you againe in the same wordes I did ten years since." Camden died in 1623, and subsequent editions were edited by others. The seventh edition (1674) is dedicated to Charles Lodowick Prince Elector and Count Palatine, K.G., by J. Philipot, *Somerset Herald*, who says:—

"But while I am mentioning benefits I were

worthy of the foulest censure, myself, if I should not confess that the greatest happiness that ever hath or can befall me, was my employment for the Presentation of the most noble order of the Garter to your Highness in the army at Bockstel."

Coryat, the author of the famous *Crudities*, was an odd character himself, and his friends seem to have looked upon him as a man to joke about. Taylor, the water poet, dedicated his *Three weekes, three daies, and three houres Observations and Travel from London to Hamburgh in Germanie* (1617) to this eccentric in these words:—

"To the Cosmographicall, Geographicall describer, Geometricall measurer, Historiographicall, Calligraphicall Relater and Writer; enigmaticall, pragmaticall, dogmaticall observer; ingrosser, surveyer, and eloquent Brittish-Græcian Latinist, or Latine Græcian orator; the odcombyan Deambulator Perambulator, Ambler, Trotter, or un-tyred Traveller Sir Thomas Coryat, Knight of Troy, and one of the dearest darlings to the blinde goddess Fortune."

The water poet, who was nothing if not eccentric, chose Archie Armstrong, the court fool, as his patron, and in his *Praise, Antiquity, and Commodity of Beggery*, etc.

(1621), addressed that once well-known character in these words: "To the bright eye-dazeling Mirrour of Mirth, Adelantado of alacrity, the Pump of pastime, spout of sport, and Regent of ridiculous confabulations Archibald Armstrong, *alias* the Court Archy."

Samuel Page dedicated *Alcilia: Philoparthen's loving Folly* (1619) to Izaak Walton in the following verses, which are of special interest, as at that time Walton was a young and little known man :—

"To my approved and much respected friend
Iz. Wa. :—

To thee, thou more than thrice beloved friend,
I too unworthy of so great a blisse :
These harsh-tun'd lines I here to thee commend,
Thou being cause it is now as it is :
For hadst thou held thy tongue, by silence might
These have been buried in oblivion's night.

If they were pleasing, I would call them thine,
And disavow my title to the verse :
But being bad, I needes must call them mine,
No ill thing can be cloathed in thy verse.
Accept them then, and where I have offended,
Rase thou it out, and let it be amended.—S. P."

Prynne's dedication of his *Healthes Sicknesse* (1628) "To the most high and mightie Prince Charles, by the Grace of God, King of Great Brittain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith," etc., is interesting, both from the celebrity of the author and on account of the mutual relations of the addresser and addressed :—

"The reasons which swayd and emboldened mee to dedicate so small a pamphlet, unto so great a patron, as your Maiestie, were chiefelie these—

First, because your Highnesse, in regard of those infinite, and many healthes, which are daily carozed in your royall name, throughout your kingdome and else where, are more interested in theame and subiect of this compendious discourse then any other that I know.

Secondly, because, your Maiestie, of all other persons within your owne Dominions, are most dishonoured, prejudiced, and abused by these healthes, and that in these respects."

Then follow several reasons, and the address ends thus :—

"And I your humble, loyall and obedient subject shall still continue (though not to drinke, carouze and swill as others doe) yet heartily to pray, for you[r]

Maiestie's health and happy raigne, which God continue, and prolong among us, to our temporall, and your owne both temporall and eternall joy and blisse."

Weever's *Ancient Funerall Monument* (1631) is inscribed to Charles I. in the following very florid style:—

To
the Sacred and Imperiall
Majestie
of our dread Soveraigne,
the
most magnificent, illustrious,
and puissant
Monarch
CHARLES,
by
the divine Providence, of
Great Britaine, France,
Ireland and many Ilands,
King,
the
most powerfull protector of the
Faith,
the
most royal patron, preserver,
and fosterer of the undoubted religion of Jesus Christ,

the
 Patterne of true pietie and Justice and
 the President of all Princely
 vertues,
 His Highnesse most lowly and most loyall
 subject
 John Weever,
 In all humility consecrateth these
 his labours,
 though farre unworthy the view
 of so resplendent a
 greatnesse.

Most of Massinger's dedications are written in a deprecating tone. He, the poor man, seeks the patronage of the rich; and he constantly refers to his connection with the Herbert family. He wrote a "Poem to my most singular good lord and patron, Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, on the deplorable and untimely death of his truly noble son Charles Lord Herbert;" but previously he had dedicated his *Bond-man* (1623) to this same earl, with whom he was not then personally acquainted.

"Right Honourable,—However I could never arrive at the happiness to be made known to your

lordship, yet a desire, born with me, to make a tender of all duties and service to the noble family of the Herberts, descended to me as an inheritance from my dead father, Arthur Massinger. Many years he happily spent in the service of your honourable house, and died a servant to it."

A New Way to Pay Old Debts (1633) is dedicated to Robert Earl of Carnarvon, Master Falconer of England, who was slain at Newbury while fighting for his king, 20th September, 1643.

"I was born a devoted servant to the thrice noble family of your incomparable lady [Anna Sophia, daughter of Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery], and am most ambitious, but with a becoming distance, to be known to your lordship."

Sir Hugh Plat's *Jewel House of Art and Nature* (1653) is dedicated "To the Muni-
ficent Lover of all Learning, the Right Honourable Boulstroad Whitlock, one of the Lord Commissioners of the Great Seal of England, etc." Plat is very metaphysical, and says nature can protect itself, but to protect art "is a work (my Lord) which

requires a head of Honour, the depth of whose knowledge can understand their mysteries, and the height of whose dignities can countenance their merits."

Henry, Earl of Monmouth, who translated from the Italian Biondi's *History of the Civil Wars of England between the two Houses of Lancaster and York* (1641), addressed his book "To the readers, his countrymen," in a very sensible epistle. He wrote:—

"That translations are at the best but like the wrong side of Hangings, is granted. Yet he who cannot get to see the right side, may by the other guess at the story therein represented. This of mine may yet seem to be of a worse condition; as only the reducing back to our own language that which hath been collected from our home stories, and published in a foreign tongue: so as it may almost be termed the turning into English, what was turned out of English. But the author hath had his end: the making the valour and honour of our kingdom known to his own countrymen; for which we owe him a national thanks. I have chosen this way to pay mine, by affording you all a means how to acknowledge yours, and thus I have part of my end likewise. The remainder being my observance of his desires and the shunning of

spending my time worse. The Italian saith, 'Chi non puo quel che voule, quel che puo voglia.' If I could coin anything out of my own brain, worthy of my countrymen, they should have it : since not, let them accept of this piece of gold changed into silver, and therein of the good will of their compatriot,

"MONMOUTH."

Another translation—Sir Richard Fanshaw's excellent version of *Camoens* (1655)—has an interesting dedication to William, Earl of Strafford, commencing :—

"My good Lord,—I cannot tell how your Lordship may take it, that in so uncourted a language, as that of Portugall should be found extant a Poet to rival your beloved Tasso, how himself took it, I can ; for he was heard to say (his great *Jerusalem* being then in embrio) He feared no man but Camoen ; notwithstanding which, he bestowed a sonet in his praise. But admitting the Tuscan superior, yet, as he (with some anger) of Guarini, when he saw, by the unquestionable verdict of all Italy, so famous a Laureate as himself by that man's *Pastor Fido* outstript in the dramattick way of Poetry ; *Se non hauto visto il mio Aminta* (because indeed the younger, for a lift in this kind, was beholding to the elder) ; So, and for the same cause, might my Portingall have retorted upon Him, with reference

to his own Epick way—*If he had not seen my Lusiad, he had not excell'd it.*"

David Papillon dedicated his *Practicall Abstract of the Arts of Fortification and Assailing* (1645) to Sir Thomas Fairfax :—

"The dedication doth properly appertaine to your Excellency as the most experienced Commander in the Art of Warre of all these northern parts as it may appeare by youre martiall atchievements ; having like a lightning, past this summer from the north part of this kingdome to the utmost point of the west of it ; throwing downe like a rapid torrent the banks that did endeavour to stop his course."

He ends by asking Fairfax out of his gracious affability to be a Mæcenas to these Essays, "as Artaxerxes, the great King of Persia, received two hands full of fresh-water that were presented to him by a poore subject of his, for want of a better gift to express his love."

When Thomas Fuller published his *Pisgah Sight of Palestine* (1650), he dedicated each book to the heir of some nobleman, and thus, as he said, planted "a nursery of patrons." Book I. is inscribed to Esme Stuart,

son and heir to James Duke of Richmond and Lennox, who was not then a year old. To him the author writes :—"One or more of these three main roads are aimed at by authors in all ingenious dedications : hope to receive protection, desire to derive instruction, and zeal to express affection. . . . but I grow tedious in a long letter to a little lord."

Each book of Fuller's *Church History* (1655) is dedicated to a separate patron, but all are written in the author's own inimitable manner, and are interesting reading. Book I. is dedicated to Esme Stuart, Duke of Richmond, the baby of the dedication just referred to. He intended to inscribe it to his father, and he wrote :—"Let not your Grace be offended that I make you a patron at the secondhand; for though I confess you are my refuge in relation to your deceased father, you are my choice in reference to the surviving nobility." Book V. is dedicated to Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex. Fuller laments the loss of his library, and thanks the earl for bestowing upon him what remained of his father's books (the treasure of a lord treasurer.

"I have read how a Roman orator, making a speech at the funeral of his deceased mother-in-law, affirmed that he had never been reconciled unto her for many years. Now, whilst his ignorant auditors condemned their mutual vindictiveness, the wiser sort admired and commended their peaceable dispositions, because there never happened the least difference between them needing an agreement; as that bone cannot be set which was never broken. On which account that never any reconciliation may be between yourself and other self, is the desire of

"Your Honour's most bounden beadsman,

"T. F."

The third section of the ninth Book is dedicated to Mrs. Anne Danvers, of Chelsea, in a very amusing epistle:—"Let not your maiden modesty be betrayed to a blush, seeing yourself here left alone, surrounded on all sides with masculine dedications." Further on Fuller says that if there is any Latin she can't read, God will soon give her a consort who will translate it.

George Tooke dedicated his *Cales Passion* (1654) to his cousin, Mr. John Greaves.

"My worthy good Cousin,—Having thus transplanted this little Lean-to from the calmnesse of my

private Nursery into the bleak and open champion; and not knowing how much it there may suffer by the stormy gusts of censure without some extraordinary stake supporting it, I thus betake me to your own good self for protection, and if you please to passe it under the value of your name, misdoubt not the successe, and shall with much cheerfulness intercept all further opportunities of acknowledging my selfe

“Your most affectionate Cousin, to love

“and honour you,

“G. T.”

Lawes's *Second Book of Ayres and Dialogues* (1655) is dedicated “To the Honourable the Lady Dering, wife to Sir Edward Dering, of Surenden Dering, Bart.”

“Madam,—I have consider'd, but could not finde it lay in my power to offer this booke to any but your Ladiship. Not only in regard of that honour and esteem you have for musick, but because those Songs which fill this Book have receiv'd much lustre by your excellent performance of them; and (which I confesse I rejoyce to speake of) some, which I esteem the best of these ayres, were of your own composition, after your noble husband was pleased to give the words. For (although your Ladiship resolv'd to keep it private), I beg leave to declare, for my own honour, that you are

not only excellent for the time you spent in the practice of what I set, but are your self so good a composer, that few of any sex have arriv'd to such perfection. So as this Book (at least a part of it) is not dedicated, but only brought home to your Ladiship. And here I would say (could I do it without sadness) how pretious to my thoughts is the memory of your excellent mother (that great example of prudence and charity) whose pious meditations were often advanc'd by hearing your voice. I wish all prosperity to your Ladiship and to him who (like yourself) is made up of all harmony; to say nothing of the rest of his accomplishments of wisdom and learning. May you both live long, happy in each other, when I am become ashes; who while I am in this world, shall be ever found, madame,

“Your Ladiship's humble admirer and

“faithful Servant,

“HENRY LAWES.”

Dr. Rimbault illustrated this curious and interesting dedication by an extract from Sir Edward Dering's *Household Book* (1648-52), (*Notes and Queries*, 1st Ser., vol. i., p. 162), where we read:—“1649, June 1. Paid Mr. Lawes, a month's teaching on my wife, 1*l.* 10*s.*”

John Newton's *Trigonometria* (1658) is dedicated “To the most illustrious Lord,

the Lord Richard Cromwell." In other books Richard Cromwell is addressed in a very kingly style.

Dr. Harrison's Funeral Sermon at Dublin on the death of Oliver Cromwell (London : 1659) is dedicated "To the most illustrious Richard, Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging," by Edward Matthews.

"Your royal father (whose pious life is his never-perishing pyramid, every man's heart being his tomb, and every good man's tongue an epitaph)."

Francis Taylor dedicated his little book *Grapes from Canaan* (1658)

"To the Right Honorable FRANCIS ROUS, Esq., Provost of Eaton, and one of the Council to his Highness the Lord Protector.

"When I first design'd within my self the composure of this ensuing Poem, my thoughts were not in the least tendency for a publication, yet through the perswasion of some friends (whose better judgements I could not but value above mine own private opinion) I have sent my unfledg'd muse abroad into the world humbly assuming the boldness to shrowd it under the wing of your honour's protection, assuring myself it will find the better welcome for the name of the Patron."

Sir George Wharton's *Calendarium Ecclesiasticum* (1660) is dedicated—"To the truly honourable that signal embleme of Englands Pristine Gallantry, John Lewkener, of Hungerford Parke, Esq., the author (out of gratitude for civilities received) humbly offereth these his this yeares observations."

Wharton also dedicated one of his *Almanacs* to Charles II. :—

"Some Princes have been surnamed Red, some
 Black,
 Some Tall, some Crooked (as well in Mind as)
 Back ;
 Some for their Learning, some for valour stand,
 Admired by this learned and warlike land ;
 Our gracious King's both Black and Tall of stature,
 Learned, valiant, wise and liberal too, by nature.
 But that adorns Him more than all the Rest,
 Is mercy in his most Religious Breast ;
 Which mixed with Justice, makes him thus ' to
 shine,
 The increasing glory of the Regal line."

Alexander Ross dedicated his *Muses Interpreter* (1672) to Sir Edward Banister, and, with delicate flattery, wrote : "I know

the native beauty of your virtue needs not the adulterating art of Rhetorical painting."

John Browne, sworn Chirurgeon in Ordinary to the King's most excellent Majesty, dedicates his elaborate work on the *Muscles in the Humane Body* (1698) to William III. He states that his object in writing the book was to correct some gross errors which some of his own profession had fallen into, and in some particulars to enlarge the boundaries of anatomical science, yet he coolly adds: "I am not so vain as to imagine that what I have here written will make any addition to your Majesty's comprehensive knowledge."





CHAPTER II.

THE SHAKESPEARIAN DEDICATIONS.



HE most famous dedication in all literature is that one which Thomas Thorpe prefixed to Shakespeare's *Sonnets* (1609),

TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .
THESE . INSVING . SONNETS .
MR. W.H. . ALL . HAPPINESSE .
AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .
PROMISED .
BY .
OVR . EVER-LIVING . POET .
WISHETH .
THE . WELL-WISHING .
ADVENTVRER . IN .
SETTING .
FORTH .

T. T.

When the worthy but puzzle-headed book-

seller wrote this rather confused and silly inscription he could scarcely have imagined that he was preparing a battlefield for an army of commentators to fight upon. As in a real combat the smoke of the guns hides all the ground, so the various writers on this dedication have left the question, "Who is W. H.?" pretty well as difficult to answer as they found it.

Venus and Adonis and *The Rape of Lucrece* are both dedicated by the poet himself to Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. In the dedication to the former, "the first heir of my invention," he writes: "I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden." In the *Lucrece* he says, "The love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end;" and again, "What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours."

With such strong expressions by the poet himself in print it is not surprising that Lord Southampton's name should be associated

with the *Sonnets*. Drake suggested that he was the begetter (or obtainer), and others, following him, less plausibly supposed that W. H. stood for H. W. transposed, which is a very lame and impotent conclusion to come to. B. Heywood Bright, the book collector, and Boaden, the critic, independently came to the same conclusion, that "Mr. W. H." must be intended to stand for William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke; and this view has of late been the popular one. Against this view there is the extreme improbability of a nobleman being styled "Master W. H." Certainly Mr. Minto pointed out that Lord Buckhurst is described on the title of *England's Parnassus* as M. Sackville; but we must remember that the dedication is the work of a bookseller, and one who was not likely to be wanting in proper respect for a powerful nobleman. If the object was to conceal the identity of the person, it is more likely that false initials would have been used than the true ones. We have other dedications by Thorpe to compare with that of the *Sonnets*, and, oddly enough, one of them prefixed to

"St. Augustine, of the Citie of God, with the learned comments of Io Lord Vives. Englished by J. H.," a volume printed in the following year (1610) by the same printer (George Eld), is dedicated to the Earl of Pembroke. The language is even more confused than that used in the dedication to the *Sonnets*, but the respectful tone is as apparent in the one as it is absent in the other.

"To the Honorablest Patron of Muses and good mindes, LORD WILLIAM, EARL of PEMBROKE, Knight of the Honourable Order, etc.

"Right gracious and gracefull Lord, your late imaginary, but now actuall Travailer, then to most-conceited Viraginia, now to almost-concealed Virginia; then a light, but not lewde, now a sage and allowed translator; then of a scarce knowne novice, now a famous Father; then of a devised Country scarce on earth, now of a desired citie sure in heaven, then of Utopia, now of Eutopia; not as by testament, but as a testimonie of gratitude, observance, and hearts honour to your Honor, bequeathed at hence-parting (thereby scarce perfecting) this his translation at the imprinting to your Lordship's protecting. He, that against detraction beyond expectation, then found your sweete patronage in a matter of small moment, without distrust or disturbance in this worke of more

worth, more weight, as he approved his more abilitie, so would not but expect your Honour's more acceptance.

“ Though these be Church-men, and this a church-matter, he unapt, or unworthy to hold trafique with either ; yet heere Sainte Augustine, and his Commenter Vives, most favour of the secular : and the one accordingly to Marcellinus, the other to our King Henry, directed their dedications ; and as translators are only tyed, to have and give true understanding : so are they freer then the authors to sute themselves a Patrone. Which as to Scipio, the staffe and stay, the type and top of that Cornelian stemme, in quam, ut plura genera in unam arborem, videtur insita multorum illuminata sapientia. Your poore Pacuvius, Terence or Ennius or what you list, so he be yours, thought most convenient to consecrate. Wherefore his legacie laid at your Honour's humbly thrise kissed hands by his poore delegate,

“ Your Lordship's true devoted

“ TH. TH.”

On the other side there is the dedication to the first folio by Heminge and Condell, which proves the intimate connection between Pembroke and Shakespeare, although the dedicators adopt a very different tone to that in which Thorpe addresses “ Mr. W. H.”

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The following are some passages from this famous dedication :—

“To the most noble and Incomparable Paire of Brethren, WILLIAM EARLE of PEMBROKE, etc., Lord Chamberlaine to the King’s most Excellent Majesty, and PHILIP EARLE of MONTGOMERY, etc., Gentlemen of his Majestie’s Bed-chamber. Both Knights of the most noble order of the Garter, and our singular good Lords.

* * * * *

“For when we vaelew the places your H. H. sustaine we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles ; and while we name them trifles, we have depriv’d our selves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L.L. have beene pleas’d to thinke these trifles some-thing, heere-tofore ; and have prosecuted both them, and their authour living, with so much favour : we hope, that (they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them : this hath done both. For so much were your L.L. likings of the severall parts when they were acted, as before they were published the volume ask’d to be yours. We have but collected them, and done our office to the dead, to procure his orphanes, Guardians : without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame : onely to keepe the memory of so

worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare, by humble offer of his playes to your most noble patronage. . . .

“Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruites, or what they have : and many nations (we have heard) that had not gummes and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened cake. It was no fault to approach their Gods, by what meanes they could ; and the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name, therefore, we must humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remaines of your servant Shakespeare ; that what delight is in them, may be ever your L.L. the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead as is

“Your Lordshippes most bounden,

“JOHN HEMINGE.

“HENRY CONDELL.”

Quite lately a very ingenious theory, founded on the assumption that the Earl of Pembroke was Mr. W. H., the begetter or bringer forth of these Sonnets, has been elaborated by Mr. Thomas Tyler and the Rev. W. A. Harrison. It has been found that Mrs. Mary Fitton, one of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour, was Pembroke's mistress, and that she had a child by him ; for

which offence the earl was lodged in the Fleet. It is therefore conjectured that this Mrs. Fitton was the dark lady of the *Sonnets*.¹ The originators of this theory have worked it out in a very thorough manner, and the theory only requires some external evidence for it to be accepted as satisfactory. Now that the matter has been set forth so clearly it is not unlikely that some evidence one way or the other may be forthcoming. We want to know if Mrs. Fitton was dark, and to find some fact closely connecting Pembroke with Shakespeare as early as the year 1601. It seems necessary to bear in mind that though this is by far the most plausible theory that has ever been brought forward to explain the origin of the *Sonnets*, it is still only a theory ; and it is the more necessary to bear this in mind because this view takes for granted

¹ This view is very clearly and ably set forth in the Introduction to Mr. Tyler's *Facsimile of the Sonnets* (1609)—Shakspeare Quarto Facsimiles, No. 30 ; and it will also be found stated in Mr. William Sharp's Introductory Note to his edition of Shakespeare's Poems (Canterbury Poets), but Mr. Sharp treats as proved what can only be considered as a very ingenious conjecture.

grave moral obliquity on the part of Shakespeare. Certainly the language of the *Sonnets* themselves makes this charge highly probable, but still the rule extended to the commonest prisoner, that he must be considered innocent until he is proved guilty, ought surely to be extended to the greatest glory of our literature. In connection with this point another dedication has to be brought forward. To show the possibility of Shakespeare's connection with Mrs. Fitton, Mr. Harrison called attention to the fact that William Kemp, the clown in Shakespeare's company, dedicated his *Nine Daies Wonder* to this same Mistress Fitton. Certainly Kemp calls her Anne, but this must be a mistake, because Elizabeth had no maid of honour named Anne Fitton in 1600, the date of this pamphlet. The address is as follows:—

“To the true ennobled Lady and his most bountiful Mistris, MISTRIS ANNE FITTON, Mayde of Honour to the most sacred Mayde Royall Queene Elizabeth.

“The author desires the lady's protection because of the lies told about him, and he prints this account of his morrice dance from London to Norwich to refute them. He offers the truth to the lady, although it is

‘rude and plaine,’ for I know your pure judgement lookes as soone to see beauty in a blacamore or heare smooth speech from a stammerer as to finde anything but blunt mirth in a morrice dancer, especially such a one as Will Kemp that hath spent his life in mad jigges and merry jestes.”

Before passing away from the consideration of this enigmatical dedication, it may be as well to mention some of the other attempts to explain it, although these are but of little value. Mons. Philarète Chasles published in the *Athenæum* in 1867 a notice of his long continued researches in elucidation of this difficult crux. He drew attention to the fact that the dedication is monumental in its arrangement, and that the points placed after each word are not stops at all. He suggested that there are two distinct sentences, the first being “To the only begetter of these insuing Sonnets Mr. W. H., all happinesse and that eternitie promised by our ever-living poet wisheth.” To which Thorpe added his own good wishes—“The well-wishing adventurer in setting forth T. T.” Bolton Corney adopted Chasles’s theory, and

supposed three persons to be concerned in the dedication: (1) the begetter, who might be Lord Southampton: (2) W. H., who might be William Hathaway, the brother of Ann; and (3) T. T., who was certainly Thomas Thorpe. Tyrwhitt supposed W. H. to be William Hughes, because of the line in the 20th Sonnet,—

“A man in hew, all Hews in his controlling.”

And Farmer brought forward William Harte, but he was not baptised until August 28th, 1600, and was therefore rather young to have these Sonnets addressed to him. The latest guess has been made by Mr. Fleay in his *Chronicle History of the Life and Work of William Shakespeare* (1886). It is that Mr. W. H. was Sir William Hervey, the third husband of Southampton's mother. Some of the suggestions that have been made are marked by the height of absurdity, such as that “Mr. W. H. all” should read “Mr. W. Hall”; that W. H. is a misprint for W. S. (William Shakespeare); and, climax of madness, that W. H. stands for William Himself. This last is due to a German, Herr Barnstorff.



CHAPTER III.

POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL DEDICATIONS.

DENZIL HOLLES, the leader of the Presbyterians who in 1647 made a motion in Parliament for disbanding the army, and was defeated, had to fly to Normandy to escape an impeachment for high treason. Here he set to work to attack his enemies, and he dedicated one of his political tracts in telling words of rebuke:—

“To the unparalleled couple, Mr. OLIVER ST. JOHN, his Majesty’s Solicitor-general, and OLIVER CROMWELL, the parliament’s lieutenant-general, the two grand designers of the ruin of three kingdoms.

“Gentlemen,—As you have been principal in ministering of this discourse, and giving me the leisure of making it, by banishing me from my country and business ; so it is reason I shall particularly ad-

dress it to you. You shall find in it some representation of the grosser lines of your features, those outward enormities that make you remarkable, and your picture easy to be known, which cannot be expected here so fully to the life as I could wish; he only can do that whose eye and hand have been with you in secret councils,—who has seen you at your meetings,—your Sabbaths, where you have lain by your assured shapes (with which you cozened the world) and resumed your own, imparting each to other, and both of you to your fellow-witches,—the bottom of your design, the policy of your actings, the turns of your contrivances,—all your falsehoods, cozenings, villainies and cruelties, with your full intentions to ruin the three kingdoms. All I will say to you, is, what St. Peter said to Simon the sorcerer—‘Repent, therefore, of this your wickedness’; and pray to God, if perhaps the thoughts of your hearts may be forgiven you: and if you have not grace to pray for yourselves (as it may be you have not), I have charity to do it for you, but not faith enough to trust you. So, I remain, I thank God, not in your power, and as little at your service,

“DENZIL HOLLES,

“At S. Mere. Eglide, in Normandy, this 14th of Feb., 1647. St. V.”

This composition preceded by ten years the biting dedication to Cromwell of the celebrated *Killing noe Murder briefly Dis-*

courest in three quæstions, by William Allen [Colonel Silas Titus] (1657). This is one of the finest pieces of polished invective in the language, and has been frequently imitated with varying success :—

“ To his Highnesse OLIVER CROMWELL,

“ May it please your Highnesse,—How I have spent some howers of the leasure your Highnes hath been pleased to give me, this following Paper will give your Highnes an accompt. How you will please to interpret it I can not tell, but I can with confidence say my intention in it is, to procure your Highnes that justice no body yet does you, and to let the people see the longer they deferr it the greater injury they doe both themselves and you : To your Highnes justly belongs the honour of dying for the people, and it cannot choose but be an unspeakable consolation to you in the last moments of your life to consider, with how much benefit to the world you are like to leave it. ’Tis then onely (my Lord) the titles you now usurpe will be truly yours ; you wil then be indeed the deliverer of your country and free it from a bondage little inferiour to that from which Moyses delivered his. You will then be that true Reformer, which you would now be thought. Religion shalbe then restored, Liberty asserted and Parliaments have those priviledges they have sought for. We shall then hope that other Lawes will have place besides those of the

sword, and that justice shal be otherwise definde then the will and pleasure of the strongest, and we shal then hope men wil keep oathes again, and not have the necessitie of being false, and perfidious to preserve themselves and be like their Rulers : all this we hope from your Highnes happie expiration who are the true father of your countrie, for while you live we can call nothing ours, and as it is from your death that we hope for our inheritances. Let this consideration arme and fortifie your Highnesses minde against the feares of death, and the terrours of your evil conscience, that the good you will doe by your death, wil something ballance the evils of your life. And if in the black catalogue of High malefactors few can be found that have lived more to the affliction and disturbance of mankind, then your Highness hath done, yet your greatest enemies wil not deny but there are likewise as few that have expired more to the universall benefit of mankind then your Highnes is like to doe. To hasten this great good is the chief end of my writing this paper, and if it have the effects I hope it will your Highnes will quickly be out of reach of mens malice, and your enemies will only be able to wound you in your memory, which strokes you will not feel. That your Highnesse may be speedily in this security is the universall wishes of your gratefull countrey. This is the desires and prayers of the good and of the bad, and it may be is the only thing wherein all sects and factions do agree in their devotions, and is our only common prayer. But amongst all that put in

their requests and supplications for your Highnesses speedy deliverance from all earthly troubles none is more assiduous nor more fervent than he, that with the rest of the nation hath the honour to be

“May it please your Highnesse

“Your Highnesse present slave and vassall,
“W. A.”

Sir John Hill, the literary “Jack of all trades,” tried to imitate Colonel Titus’s dedication in a scurrilous attack upon Martin Folkes, President of the Royal Society, who had been a benefactor to him. Hill, on whom Garrick wrote the well-known epigram :—

“For physic and farces his equal there scarce is,
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is,”

being engaged as editor of the supplement to Chambers’s *Cyclopædia*, desired to add F.R.S. to his name. His character, however, was too well known for him to be acceptable to the Society, and Folkes dissuaded his friends from proposing him. This enraged Hill, who wrote *A Review of the Works of the Royal Society of London* (1751), to which he prefixed the following impudent dedication :—

“To MARTIN FOLKES, Esq., President of the Royal Society.

“Sir,—Could I want inclination to inform the world of the great respect I have reason to mention your name to it with; yet you have so natural a right to the patronage of these Animadversions, that it were at once unjust and ungrateful to rob you of the honour.

“It is to you alone that the world owes their having been written; the purport of the more considerable of them has been long since delivered to you in conversation; and if you had thought the Society deserved to escape the censure that must attend this method of laying them before the world, you might have prevented it, by making the necessary use of them in private. Nor is this, Sir, the only sense in which you have been the great instrument of their production; since it cannot but be acknowledged, except your great self, had been in the high office you so worthily fill at present, the occasions of many of the more remarkable of them could not have been received by the Body, under whose countenance alone they claim their places in this work.

“The virtues of the Patron are usually the favourite theme of the Dedicator; nor are there wanting, Sir, in you, many, which for my own sake I ought to make the world acquainted with. The manner in which you represented me to a noble friend, while to my self you made me much more than I deserved; the ease with which you excused yourself of this; the

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unconcern with which you forgot you had excused yourself; and the solemnity with which, in the face of Almighty God, you excused yourself again; when we remember, that the whole was done within the compass of a day, are surely virtues that I of all men ought not to pass over in silence: your manner of mentioning me in my absence, while politeness was out of countenance at your complaisance to me when present; and finally your representation of a letter, which your avowing your innocence had procured from me, and which might have been the means of that accommodation you were not ashamed to say you desired, are circumstances also that I must not pass over without their share in this eulogium: they are incidents that cannot but inform you, in the most sensible manner, of your true character; and that cannot but testify to the world, that you are as full of honour as of Philosophy, as worthy to be a Friend as to be President of a Royal Society.

“I am, Sir,

“With all due respect,

“Your very humble servant,

“JOHN HILL.”

A most remarkable satirical dedication was that written by Sir Simon Degge for his *Parson's Counsellor*, which is said to have brought about the purpose for which it was written. It is addressed “To the

Right Honourable and Right Reverend Father in God Thomas [Woods] Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry," and the author writes: "Observing how antient Dedications have been both by Greek and Latin authors, and they are continued to this day throughout all Christendom, I resolved not to be singular." The writer praises Bishop Hacket, Woods's predecessor: "My Lord, I have observed three things perpetuate men's memory to Posterity, children, learned writings, and publick and eminent buildings; he was fortunate in them all." He then adds:—

"My Lord, God has not yet blest you with children, but may in good time to preserve your name, and I have heard your Lordship intends some eminent works for the Publick, and that your Lordship intends to go on where your Predecessor left off, in building a palace for yourself and successors. I have great reason to believe, having heard your Lordship so often declare you would do it, and having laid your hand to the Plow in preparing some materials towards it, I know you will not look back."

Woods having been so publicly reminded of his duty, was forced to do something.

Geneste in his *Account of the English Stage*

notices a play entitled *King Edward III. with the Fall of Mortimer*, which was played originally in 1691. This was revived in 1731 as *The Fall of Mortimer*, and in 1763 republished with an ironical dedication to the Earl of Bute by John Wilkes, which ends with these words: "It is the warmest wish of my heart that the Earl of Bute may speedily complete the story of Roger Mortimer."

Lord Bolingbroke dedicated his anonymous *Dissertation upon Parties* (1735) in a brilliant but very long epistle to Sir Robert Walpole. The dedication begins thus:—

"Sir,—As soon as the demand of the Publick made it necessary to collect the following Papers together, and to prepare a second edition of them, I took the resolution of addressing them to you. The style of my dedication will be very different from that which is commonly employed to persons in your station. But if you find nothing agreeable in the style, you may find perhaps something useful, something that will deserve your serious reflection in the matter of it. I shall compare you neither to Burleigh, nor Godolphin. Let me not prophane the tomb of the Dead to raise altars to the Living." . . .

The satirical dedication to Bishop War-

burton of Churchill's *Sermons on the Lord's Prayer* (1765) was profitable, for it induced the publisher to give the author's executor £250 for the copyright of the ten sermons. It is full of stinging satire and irony, and must have been anything but pleasant reading to the "patron" of Shakespeare and Pope!

"To great Gloster health!
Nor let thy true and proper love of wealth
Here take a false alarm—in purse though poor,
In spirit I'm right proud, nor can endure
The mention of a bribe—thy pocket's free,
I, though a Dedicator, scorn a fee.
Let thy own offspring all thy fortunes share;
I would not Allen rob, nor Allen's heir."

Further on we read:—

"Doctor, Dean, Bishop, Gloster and my Lord,
If haply these high titles may accord
With thy meek spirit.

.

Let Gloster well remember, how he rose,
Nor turn his back on men who made him great.
Let him not, gorg'd with pow'r, and drunk with
state,
Forget what once he was tho' now so high,
How low, how mean, and full as poor as I."

Here the dedication broke off, and John Churchill added a note to the effect that he presumed the sudden death of his brother would sufficiently apologize for its remaining unfinished.

Hogarth intended to publish a history of the Acts as a supplement to the *Analysis of Beauty*, and he proceeded so far as to compose the following amusing dedication for it.

“The No-Dedication ; not dedicated to any prince in Christendom, for fear it might be thought an idle piece of arrogance ; not dedicated to any man of quality, for fear it might be thought too assuming ; not dedicated to any learned body of men, as either of the Universities or the Royal Society, for fear it might be thought an uncommon piece of vanity ; nor dedicated to any one particular friend, for fear of offending another ; therefore dedicated to nobody ; but if for once we may suppose nobody to be everybody, as everybody is often said to be nobody, then this work is dedicated to everybody.

“By their most humble and devoted

“WILLIAM HOGARTH.”

Lord Beaconsfield very happily inscribed his *Vivian Grey* (1826) :—

“ To
 The Best and Greatest of Men
 I dedicate these volumes.
 He, for whom it is intended, will accept and
 appreciate the compliment ;
 Those, for whom it is not intended, will—
 Do the same.”

This seems to have taken the fancy of Mr. Beriah Botfield, who four years later published anonymously his *Journal of a Tour through the Highlands of Scotland*, with the same dedication slightly altered :—

“ To
 The Best and Loveliest of her Sex
 this volume is dedicated :
 She for whom it is intended
 will accept and appreciate
 the compliment ;
 Those for whom it is not intended
 will do the same.”

Galt dedicated his *Radical, an Autobiography* (1832) to Lord Brougham in satirical terms which read strange to those who remember that remarkable man as President of the Social Science Association, and not as a political leader :—

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“To the right honourable BARON BROUGHAM AND VAUX, late Lord High Chancellor of England.

“To you, my Lord, ‘the head and front’ of our party, I inscribe these sketches. No individual has, with equal vehemence, done so much to rescue first principles from prejudice, or to release property from that obsolete stability into which it has long been the object of society to constrain its natural freedom. To you belongs the singular glory of having had the courage to state even in the British Parliament, ‘that there are things which cannot be holden in property’; thus asserting the supremacy of nature over law, and also the right of man to determine for himself the extent of his social privileges. What dogma of greater importance to liberty had been before promulgated? What opinion, more intrepidly declared, has so well deserved the applause and admiration of

“NATHAN BUTT?”

This chapter on Satirical dedications may well end with Hood’s attack upon the Reviewers, to whom he dedicated his *Whims and Oddities* (1827).

“What is a modern Poet’s fate?
To write his thoughts upon a slate.
The critic spits on what is done,—
Gives it a wipe, and all is gone.”



CHAPTER IV.

DRYDEN'S DEDICATIONS.



WHEN we feel bound to condemn in the strongest terms the venality of the authors of the seventeenth century who sold their lying praises for money, it is sad to have to chronicle Dryden as one of the greatest sinners in this respect. Johnson says of the great poet's fulsome dedications, which were written in the richest and most luxuriant strain of adulation :—

“Of dramatic immorality he did not want examples among his predecessors, or companions among his contemporaries, but in the meanness and servility of hyperbolical adulation I know not whether since the days in which the Roman Emperors were deified he has been ever equalled except by Afra Behn in an address to Eleanor Gwyn.”

Dryden lavished a profusion of virtues upon men and women who were often unworthy of any praise at all; and sometimes men were praised for virtues which were the opposite of the qualities they possessed. If his praises had been in verse one might have forgiven the author; but being in prose it is more difficult to overlook the absurdity of the hyperbolical language when taken in connection with the despicableness of the person to whom all these fine words are addressed.

Dryden's first play, *The Wild Gallant*, has no dedication; but one of the poet's Epistles is addressed to Lady Castlemaine, upon her encouraging his first play, which ends with these lines:—

“When your applause and favour did infuse
New life to my condemn'd and dying muse.”

The Rival Ladies (1664) is dedicated to Roger Earl of Orrery, better known as Lord Broghill, in a long address in which he is praised for his poetry, which is supposed to be all the more delightful because it was

written during the pains of the gout. The following is an odd description by an author of the growth of his work :—

“This worthless present was designed you long before it was a play ; when it was only a confused mass of thoughts, tumbling over one another in the dark ; when the fancy was yet in its first work, moving the sleeping images of things towards the light, there to be distinguished, and then either chosen or rejected by the judgment ; it was yours, my lord, before I could call it mine.”

The Indian Emperor (1667) is dedicated to “Anne Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleuch, wife to the most illustrious and high-born Prince James, Duke of Monmouth.” After expatiating on the need of beauty at court, Dryden goes on to glorify the Duchess in these florid terms :—

“But as needful as beauty is, virtue and honour are yet more : The reign of it without their support is unsafe and short, like that of tyrants. Every sun which looks on beauty wastes it ; and when it once is decaying, the repairs of art are of as short continuance, as the after-spring, when the sun is going further off. This, madam, is its ordinary fate ; but yours, which is accompanied by virtue, is not subject to that common

destiny. Your Grace has not only a long time of youth in which to flourish, but you have likewise found the way, by an untainted preservation of your honour, to make that perishable good more lasting : And if beauty, like wines, could be preserved, by being mixed and embodied with others of their own natures, then your Grace's would be immortal, since no part of Europe can afford a parallel to your noble lord in masculine beauty, and in goodliness of shape. To receive the blessings and prayers of mankind, you need only to be seen together ; We are ready to conclude, that you are a pair of angels sent below to make virtue amiable in your persons, or to set to poets when they would pleasantly instruct the age, by drawing goodness in the most perfect and alluring shape of Nature."

Dryden owed much to the Duchess, as it was her patronage which first established his popularity.

Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen has a preface which explains the absence of a dedication :—

"It has been the ordinary practice of the French poets to dedicate their works of this nature to their king, especially when they have had the least encouragement to it, by his approbation of them on the stage. But, I confess, I want the confidence to follow their example, though perhaps I have as specious

pretences to it, for this piece, as any they can boast of; it having been owned in so particular a manner by his Majesty, that he has graced it with the title of *his* play, and thereby rescued it from the severity (that I may not say malice) of its enemies."

An Evening's Love, or the Mock Astrologer is dedicated to William Duke of Newcastle; and in the dedication there is a special allusion to his eccentric wife:—

"You have, by a rare effect of fortune, found, in the person of your excellent lady, not only a lover, but a partner of your studies; a lady whom our age may justly equal with the Sappho of the Greeks, or the Sulpitia of the Romans."

The Duke and Duchess were like to have been forgotten by the present generation; but the praise of Charles Lamb has directed a loving attention to this worthy couple. The Duchess is said to have kept a bevy of maidens, who were obliged, at all hours of the night, to attend the summons of her bell with a light and materials "to register her grace's conceptions."

The Assignation is dedicated "to my most honoured friend Sir Charles Sedley, Bart.,"

and in the dedication Dryden makes a sort of excuse for the custom :—

“The design of dedicating plays is as common and unjust as that of desiring seconds in a duel. It is engaging our friends, it may be, in a senseless quarrel when they have much to venture, without any concernment of their own.”

Further on he says, “I can make my boast to have found a better Mæcenas in the person of my Lord Treasurer Clifford, and a more elegant Tibullus in that of Sir Charles Sedley.”

Amboyna is dedicated “to the Right Hon. the Lord Clifford of Chudleigh,” the lord treasurer alluded to, who died soon after receiving the poet’s incense. Dryden was probably sincere when he wrote, “After so many favours, and those so great, conferred upon me by your lordship these many years, which I may call more properly one continued act of your generosity and goodness ;” but the extravagant terms of much of the dedication have a very false sound :—

“To this pitch, my lord, the sense of my gratitude had almost raised me : to receive your favours as the Jews of old received their law, with a mute wonder ;

to think that the loudness of acclamation was only the praise of men to men, and that the secret homage of the soul was a greater mask of reverence than an outward ceremonious joy, which might be counterfeit, and must be irreverent in its tumult."

The *State of Innocence* was dedicated to Mary of Este, Duchess of York, who was at the time only in her sixteenth year. The Duchess was very beautiful, and Dryden, in a very long epistle, expatiates on her beauty. So far he had cause for his praises, but he expresses himself in shockingly fulsome terms; so that Johnson speaks of the dedication as an "attempt to mingle earth and heaven, by praising human excellence in the language of religion." Warton describes it as "a piece of the grossest and most abject adulation that ever disgraced true genius."

"Greatness is, indeed, communicated to some few of both sexes; but beauty is confined to a more narrow compass: it is only in your sex; it is not shared by many, and its supreme perfection is in you alone. . . . You are never seen but you are blest; and I am sure you bless all those who see you. We think not the day is long enough when we behold you; and you are so much the business of our souls, tha

while you are in sight we can neither look nor think on any else. There are no eyes for other beauties; you only are present, and the rest of your sex are but the unregarded parts that fill your triumph. Our sight is so intent on the object of its admiration that our tongues have not leisure even to praise you; for language seems too low a thing to express your excellence. and our souls are speaking so much within, that they despise all foreign conversation. . . . Thus, madam, in the midst of crowds you reign in solitude, and are adored with the deepest veneration, that of silence.

"You render mankind insensible to other beauties, and have destroyed the empire of love in a court which was the seat of his dominion."

Aurengzebe is dedicated to John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave (afterwards Duke of Buckinghamshire), in a very long address, in which the author asserts "it was dedicated to you in my heart, before it was presented on the stage. Dryden helped Mulgrave in his work, more particularly in *The Essay on Satire*, which caused the poet to be beaten in Rose Alley. Twenty years after Dryden's death Buckinghamshire erected a memorial in his honour.

Troilus and Cressida is dedicated to

Robert Earl of Sunderland, and in praising this nobleman Dryden pays a very poor compliment to those he had previously addressed in terms of the grossest flattery.

“I cannot better distinguish the exactness of your taste from that of other men than by the plainness and sincerity of my address. I must keep my hyperboles in reserve for men of other understandings. An hungry appetite after praise, and a strong digestion of it, will bear the grossness of that diet ; but one of so critical a judgment as your lordship, who can set the bounds of just and proper in every subject, would give me small encouragement for so bold an undertaking.”

“An ill-timed or an extravagant commendation would not pass upon you ; but you would keep off such a dedicator at arm’s end, and send him back with his encomiums to this lord or that lady, who stood in need of such trifling merchandise.”

Tyrannic Love is dedicated to James Duke of Monmouth and Buccleuch in such terms of extravagant praise as these : “All men will join with me in the adoration which I pay you.” In the dedication to the Duchess, Dryden had expatiated on the Duke’s beauty, and here he again returned to the same theme : “So goodly a fabric was never

framed by an Almighty Architect for a vulgar guest."

Almanzor and Almahide is dedicated to the Duke of York, afterwards James II. :—

"It is from this consideration that I have presumed to dedicate to your Royal Highness these faint representations of your own worth and valour in heroic poetry: or, to speak more properly, not to dedicate but to restore to you those ideas which in the more perfect part of my characters I have taken from you."

Marriage à la Mode is dedicated to John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester; and Dryden wrote :—

"I stand in need of all your accustomed goodness for the dedication of this play; which, though perhaps it be the best of my comedies. is yet so faulty, that I should have feared you for my critic, if I had not with some policy given you the trouble of being my protector."

These praises, however, were thrown away, for although Rochester was pleased with them they did not prevent him from engaging bravos to waylay the poet a few years afterwards.

Peter Cunningham, in a note to his edition of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, refers to a

passage in this dedication: "Your lordship" [he had been praising "some papers of verses" which he had seen] "has but another step to make, and from the patron of wit you may become its tyrant, and oppress our little reputations with more ease than you now protect them."

Crowne dedicated his *Charles VIII. of France* (1672), Dryden his *Marriage à la Mode* (1673), and Otway his *Titus and Berenice* (1677) to Rochester; and Rochester oppressed Dryden, Otway, and Crowne. He lampooned all three, and had Dryden cudgelled.

Dr. Walter Charleton dedicated his work on Stonehenge (in answer to Inigo Jones) to Charles II., and he wrote:—

"I have had the honour to hear from that oracle of truth and wisdom, your Majesty's own mouth, you were pleased to visit that monument, and for many hours together entertain yourself with the delightful view thereof when, after the defeat of your loyal army at Worcester, Almighty God, in infinite mercy to your three kingdoms, miraculously delivered you out of the bloody jaws of those ministers of sin and cruelty."

Dryden took advantage of this statement

of the King's visit to Stonehenge, and in his Epistle 2 to Dr. Charleton, he wrote in the same spirit of absurd adulation :—

“ These ruins shelter'd once his sacred head,
When he from Worcester's fatal battle fled :
Watch'd by the genius of this royal place,
And mighty visions of the Danish race,
His refuge then was for a temple shown,
But, he restor'd, 'tis now become a throne.”

After the Revolution, when Dryden was in adversity, we find a subdued tone in his dedications, which makes one feel a sincere regret for his fallen fortunes. He dedicated his *Amphitryon, or the Two Sosias* to Sir William Leveson-Gower, Bart., who was a keen Whig, and in this dedication occur the following manly words :—

“ Since this wonderful Revolution I have begun with the best pattern of humanity, the Earl of Leicester. I shall continue to follow the same method, in all to whom I shall address, and endeavour to pitch on such only as have been pleased to own me in this ruin of my small fortune ; who, though they are of a contrary opinion themselves, yet blame not me for adhering to a lost cause.”

King Arthur is dedicated to Savile, Marquis of Halifax, the great "Trimmer":—

"It is true that formerly I have shadowed some part of your virtues under another name, but the character, though short and imperfect, was so true that it broke through the fable, and was discovered by its native light. What I pretend by this dedication is an honour which I do myself to posterity, by acquainting them that I have been conversant with the first persons of the age in which I lived, and thereby perpetuate my prose, when my verses may possibly be forgotten or obscured by the fame of future poets."

The character here referred to is that of Jotham in *Absalom and Achitophel*:—

"Jotham of piercing wit, and pregnant thought :
Endued by nature, and by learning taught,
To move assemblies, who but only tried
The worse awhile, then chose the better side :
Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too ;
So much the weight of one brave man can do."

It is not very probable that Dryden's prophecy will ever come true, as the world is not likely to forget that brilliant satire, *Absalom and Achitophel*.

Cleomenes is dedicated to Laurence Hyde,

Earl of Rochester, the second son of the great Earl of Clarendon :—

“ These favours, my lord, received from yourself and your noble family have encouraged me to this dedication ; wherein I not only give you back a play which had you not redeemed it had not been mine ; but also at the same time, dedicate to you the unworthy author with my inviolable faith, and (how mean soever) my utmost service ; and I shall be proud to hold my dependance on you in chief, as I do part of my small fortune in Wiltshire.”

Dryden's last play, *Love Triumphant*, is dedicated to James, fourth Earl of Salisbury, who was strongly attached to his former master, James II.

“ Besides the honour of my wife's relation to your noble house, to which my sons may plead some title though I cannot ; you have been pleased to take a particular notice of me even in this lowness of my fortunes, to which I have voluntarily reduced myself ; and of which I have no reason to be ashamed.”

Malone conjectured that the following passage referred to the patron's secret attachment to the exiled monarch :—

“ But here, my lord, I am obliged in common prudence to stop short, and to cast under a veil

some other of your praises, as the chemist used to shadow the secret of their great elixir, lest it were made public, or the world should make a bad use of it."

An interesting correspondence between Dryden and Philip second Earl of Chesterfield ("the handsome Earl") respecting the dedication of Virgil, has been published, and may be referred to here. We are fain to acknowledge with reluctance that in his early years Dryden was very much of a timeserver, so that it is pleasant to see him in his poverty standing firm to his own loss, even though the cause to which he was attached was a bad one.

Dryden wrote to the Earl of Chesterfield, on the 17th February, 1696-7 :—

"My translation of Virgil is already in the press, and I cannot possibly defer the publication of it any longer than Midsummer term at farthest. I have hindered it thus long in hopes of his return for whom and for my conscience I have suffered, that I might have laid my author at his feet ; but now, finding that God's time for ending our miseries is not yet, I have been advised to make three several dedications of the Eclogues, the Georgics, and the Æneid. The Ec-

logues have been desired a year ago by my Lord Clifford, whose father the Treasurer was my patron; the *Æneids* by the Marquis of Normanby; and if I durst presume so far I would humbly offer the *Georgics* to your Lordship's patronage. They are not, I confess, the most specious part of Virgil, but in revenge they are his masterpiece; in which he has not only outdone all other poets, but himself.

“Accordingly I have laboured, and I may say have cultivated the *Georgics* with more care than any other part of him, and as I think with more success. ’Tis suitable to the retired life which you have chosen, and to your studies of philosophy. From the first hour since I have had the happiness of being known to your Lordship I have always preferred you in my poor esteem to any other nobleman, and that in all respects. And you may please to believe me as an honest man that I have not the least consideration of any profit in this address, but only of honouring myself by dedicating to you. By this time, my Lord, you may perceive why I have been solicitous to procure the favour of your being one of the subscribers to this work.”

Lord Chesterfield answered on the following day:—

“When I consider that the greatest men are desirous of being distinguished by some mark of your esteem, I am surprised at the obligation that you have laid upon me, by intending as you mention to place my name before some of your works. It looks as if you

were tired with the court, and would now think of a hermitage or of a country gentleman, who being in no post whereby he may merit such a favour must value it the more, as proceeding from no other motive than your kindness, which I shall always endeavour to deserve."

On August 10th, 1697, Lord Chesterfield wrote to thank for the dedication itself. He says :—

"Though I have never been ambitious of being obliged by many men, yet I am very much pleased with being so by Mr. Dryden. Not out of vanity, in having my inconsiderable name placed (by so great a man) in the front of one of his works, but because it gives the world a testimony of his friendship to me."

In return for Dryden's present the nobleman asks the poet to accept a small mark of his respect.

Dryden, in his answer of the 18th August, thanks for the noble present, saying :—

"I am sure I need not say that I have avoided flattery in my dedication, for your character was established with all who had the honour of knowing you."

Of his verses he says :—

"I am glad that they have pleased the world, but I am proud that they have pleased your Lordship."

In a letter to his son, in Italy, written in September 1697, Dryden says :—

“ My Virgil succeeds in the world beyond its desert or my expectation. You know the profits might have been more [that is if it had been dedicated to King William], but neither my conscience nor my honour would suffer me to take them : but I never can repent of my constancy, since I am thoroughly persuaded of the justice of the cause for which I suffer.”

In the same letter he says :—

“ Tonson has missed of his design in the dedication that he had prepared the book for it, for in every figure of Æneas he has caused him to be drawn like King William with a hooked nose.”

This absurd design of Tonson caused the wits to make public the well-known epigram which tells how old Jacob “ has placed old Nassau’s hook-nos’d head on young Æneas’ shoulders.”

Dryden left Congreve a charge to protect his works. In his *Epistle* 10, *To my dear friend Mr. Congreve*, he wrote :—

“ Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning the ungrateful stage ;
Unprofitably kept at heaven’s expense,
I live a rent-charge on his providence.

But you, whom every muse and grace adorn,
 Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
 Be kind to my remains ; and O ! defend,
 Against your judgment, your departed friend."

Congreve expressed himself as sensibly touched with the expression, "*be kind to my remains*," and in 1735 he published an edition of Dryden's dramatic works, in six duodecimo volumes, with a dedication to Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, then Lord Chamberlain. Congreve addressed the Duke thus :—

"My Lord,—It is the fortune of this edition of the Dramatic Works of the late Mr. Dryden to come into the world at a time when your Grace has just given order for erecting, at your own expense, a noble monument to his memory.

"This is an act of generosity, which has something in it so very uncommon, that the most unconcerned and indifferent persons must be moved with it. How much more must all such be affected by it, who had any due regard for the personal merits of the deceased, or are capable of any taste and distinction for the remains and elegant labours of one of the greatest men that our nation has produced !

Sir Walter Scott, in his edition of Dryden's works, writes thus :—

“No satire ever can convey such bitter reproof as the high-strained eulogy of this dedication. This great and wealthy man unblushingly received Congreve’s tribute of praise and gratitude, for his munificence in directing a splendid monument to be raised over Dryden’s remains. But the incense of the dedicator was wasted on a block, more insensible than his Grace’s workmen could have dug from the quarry. Neither pride nor shame could induce the Duke to accomplish what vanity had led him voluntarily to propose ; and the dedication, instead of producing a tomb in honour of Dryden, will remain itself an eternal monument of his patron’s disgrace.”

The dedication is an elegant production, and contains a pleasing picture of Dryden as a man ; and with it we close this chapter on the dedications of one of our greatest poets.





CHAPTER V.

PLAYWRIGHTS' DEDICATIONS.

DR. DORAN, in his valuable work on the English stage, entitled *Their Majesties' Servants*, affirms that the dedications of dramas by playwrights to their patrons are noteworthy for their fulsomeness, mendacity, and blasphemy; and those who know anything of this literature must feel that they are unable generally to dispute this very serious condemnation; and yet some of the earlier dramatists show much taste in the choice of epithets of praise to be given to those they honoured with the dedication of their plays. Friends, in place of patrons, were often chosen, and eulogy was bestowed in quarters where it was little likely to be rewarded by any solid return. In

course of time this was entirely changed, and hardly a play was issued without a dedication which had been paid for by a patron who lacked modesty, and for which money had been received by an author without shame.

Chapman dedicated his *Al Fooles* (1605) "To my long lov'd and Honourable friend, Sir Thomas Walsingham, Knight," in some pleasant verse, honourable both to the writer and to the object of the praise. And again, in 1608, he dedicated *The Conspiracie and Tragedie of Charles Duke of Byron* "To my Honorable and constant friend, Sir Tho. Walsingham, Knight, and to my much loved from his birth the right toward and worthy gentleman his sonne, Thomas Walsingham, Esquire."

Chapman dedicated *The Widdowes Teares* (1612) to a country gentleman, and he made some remarks on the value set upon dedications by Italian princes.

"To the right vertuous and truly noble Gentleman, Mr. JO. REED, of Mitton, in the countie of Glocester, Esquire.

Sir—If any worke of this nature be worth the

presenting to Friends Worthie and noble; I presume this, will not want much of that value. Other countrie men have thought the like worthie of Dukes and Princes acceptations; *Iniusti sdegnii*; *Il Pentamento Amoroſe*; *Calisthe*, *Pastor fido*, etc. (all being but plaies) were all dedicate to Princes of Italie. And therefore only discourse to shew my love to your right vertuous and noble disposition. This poor Comedie (of many desired to see printed) I thought not utterly unworthie that affectionate designe in me: Well knowing that your free judgement weighs nothing by the name or forme; or any vaine estimation of the vulgar; but will accept acceptable matter as well in plaies, as in many lesse materialls, masking in more serious titles." . . .

The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois (1613) was dedicated "To the Right Vertuous and truely noble Knight, Sr Thomas Howard," etc., in these words:—

"Sir,—Since Workes of this kinde have beene lately esteemed worthy of the patronage of some of our worthiest nobles I have made no doubt to preferre this of mine to your undoubted vertue, and exceeding true noblesse: as containning matter no lesse deserving your reading, and excitation to Heroycall life, then any such late Dedication. Nor have the great Prince of Italie and other Countries conceived it any least diminution to their greatnesse, to have their names

wing'd with these tragicke plumes, and disperst by way of Patronage, through the most noble notices of Europe."

Thomas Heywood dedicated his *Four Prentises of London* (1615) "To the Honest and High-spirited Prentises, the Readers," and the first part of *The Faire Maid of the West* (1631) "To the much worthy, and my most respected John Othow, Esquire, Counsellour at Law, in the noble Societies of Graies Inne." The second part (1631) "To the true favourer of the Muses, and all good arts, Thomas Hammon, Esquire, of Graies Inne," etc., in these words:—

"The first part of this work I bestowed upon your friend Mr. John Othow, the second I have confer'd upon you, both being incorporated in one House and noble Societie. The proximitie in your chambers and much familiar conference, having bred a mutuall correspondence betwixt you. The prime motive, inviting me to this dedication; the much love, and many courtesies reflecting upon me from you both." . . .

To Hammon, Heywood also dedicated *The Iron Age* (1632).

Heywood's *English Traveller* (1633) was

dedicated "To the Right Worshipfull Sir Henry Appleton, Knight Barronet, etc.," and he wrote:—

"For many reasons I am induced, to present this poem to your favourable acceptance; and not the least of them that alternate love, and those frequent curtesies which interchangeably past betwixt your selfe and that good old gentleman, mine unkle (Master Edmund Heywood) whom you pleased to grace by the title of Father."

Allusion has already been made to D'Avenant's elegant dedication of his *Madagascar* (1638) to Endymion Porter and Henry Jermyn. Two years previously D'Avenant had dedicated *The Wits* to Porter in a longer address.

"To the chiefly belov'd of all that are ingenious and noble, ENDYMION PORTER, of his Majesty's Bed-chamber.

Sir,—Though you covet not acknowledgements, receive what belongs to you by a double title: your goodness hath preserv'd life in the Author; then rescu'd his work from a cruel faction; which nothing but the forces of your reason, and your reputation, could subdue. If it become your pleasure now, as when it had the advantage of presentation on the stage, I shall be taught to boast some merit in myself;

but with this inference, you still, as in that doubtful day of my trial, endeavour to make shew of so much justice, as may countenance the love you bear to

“Your most oblig’d and thankful humble servant,
“WILLIAM D’AVENANT.”

Glapthorne’s Poems (1639) are dedicated “To the Right Honourable Jerome, Earle of Portland.” The dedication commences thus :—

“My Lord,—Dedications from some writers are mere customes ; from others complements ; but from mee neither, my muse being yet too young to be authorised by custome, to intrude upon a Patron, (this being the earliest flight of her ambition :) and my reason too old to suffer mee to be guilty of complement to one so furnished with all reality and worth as is your Lordship.” . . .

The same dramatist ends his dedication of *The Tragedy of Albertus Wallenstein* (1640) “To the great example of vertue and true Mecenas of Liberall arts, Mr. William Murrey, of his Majestie’s Bed-chamber,” thus :—

“Works of this nature have alwaies assumed this priviledge to aspire the noblest for their Protectors. Since then authorisd by custome, worthiest Sir, it

cannot bee a diminution to your fame. nor repugnant to the gravity of your most serious imployments to have him by publike profession known your servant, who hath long since by particular devotion been

“The humblest of your honorers,

“HEN. GLAPTHORNE.”

Sir Aston Cokain dedicated his *Tragedy of Ovid* (1662) “To my most highly honoured cousin, Charles Cotton, Esquire.”

“I should accuse myself of much ingratitude did I not dedicate it to you, and entreat your favour that it might visit the world under the secure patronage of your authentic name. I beseech you therefore to afford it so much grace, and to give it leave to lie in your parlour window, since you have been pleased to signalize it with two excellent epigrams.”

Sir Samuel Tuke, one of the early members of the Royal Society, dedicated his popular play *The Adventures of Five Hours* (1663) to the Right Honourable Henry Howard, of Norfolk.” He says in his dedication:—

“I designed the character of Antonio, as a copy of your steady virtue ; if it appear to those who have the honour to know you, short of the original, I take leave to inform them, that you have not sat to me long ;

'tis possible hereafter I may gratify my country, for their civility to this essay, with something more worthy of your patronage and their indulgence. In the interim, I make it my glory to avow that, had fortune been just to me, she could not have recompensed the loyal industry of my life with a more illustrious title than that which you have been pleased to confer upon me, of your Friend. To which (as in gratitude I am bound) I subjoin that of

“Your most humble servant,

“S. TUKE.”

Crowne alludes to the universality of dedications in the dedication of his *Juliana* (1671) to Roger Earl of Orrery: “Of late, nothing of this kind, though never so inconsiderable, appears in public, without some great and illustrious name fixt before it; like a gigantic statue at the portal of some trifling building.”

Crowne's *Calisto* (1675) is dedicated, in a long and not very interesting epistle, to Her Highness the Lady Mary, eldest daughter of His Royal Highness the Duke.

In the Epilogue spoken by Jupiter occur these impious lines, addressed to the King and Queen:—

“You, sir, such blessings to the world dispense,
We scarce perceive the use of Providence.”¹

Lacy's *Dumb Lady* (1672) is dedicated “To the high-born and most hopeful Prince Charles, Lord Limrick and Earl of Southampton.” This young hopeful was the eldest of Charles II.'s natural children by the Duchess of Cleveland, to whom the author condescended to write thus:—

“When I began to write this dedication my hand shook, a fear possessed me, and I trembled; my pen fell from me, and my whole frame grew disordered as if blasted with some sudden upstart comet. Such awe and reverence waits on dignity, that I now find it fit for me to wish I had been refused the honour of my dedication, rather than undertake a task so much too great for me.”

The same playwright dedicated his *Old Troop* (1672) “To the young Prince George, third son to her Grace the Duchess of

¹ The lines in the Epilogue are misquoted in Maidment and Logan's edition of Crowne's Dramatic Works thus:—

“You, sir, such blessings to the world dispense,
You are indeed a special providence.”

Cleveland," who was afterwards created Duke of Northumberland.

Nothing shows more clearly the abject condition of playwrights of the Restoration period than the outrageous praise with which some of them bespattered the King's mistresses.

Thomas Duffett takes credit to himself in his dedication of the *Spanish Rogue* (1674) to Nell Gwyn, that he was the first to tell her publicly of her many virtues.

"Since a play in print, without an epistle dedicatory, is now like a modeste gallant without a mistress, or a papist without a tutelar saint, I resolv'd to obey custom in making a dedication, and my own free inclination in the choice of your excellent self, at whose feet I humbly lay this.

"Not contented to be safe in the barren praise of doing no ill, but so readily and so frequently doing good, as if it were not your nature, but your business, that next to your beauty these virtues are the greatest miracle of the age. If I am the first that has taken the boldness to tell you this in print, 'tis because I am more ambitious than all others, to be known by the title of, madam,

"Your admirer and humblest servant,

"T. D."

Mrs. Behn followed the example set by Duffett of dedicating her *Feign'd Curtizans* (1679) to "Mrs. Ellen Guin."

"So excellent and perfect a creature as yourself differs only from the divine powers in this ; the offerings made to you ought to be worthy of you, whilst they accept the will alone."

The author is sorry for the world of the future, who will read of Nell Gwyn, and envy those who lived in her time, as pictures can give no idea of her perfection.

"Who can doubt the power of that illustrious beauty, the charms of that tongue, and the greatnesse of that minde, who has subdu'd the most powerfull and glorious monarch of the world ; and so well you bear the honours you were born for, with a greatness so unaffected, an affability so easie, an Humor so soft, so far from pride or vanity, that the most envious, and most disaffected, can finde no cause or reason to wish you less."

Heaven rewarded her in the glory of having two sons, "who have all the greatness and sweetness of their royal and beautiful 'stock,' whom you have permitted to wear those glorious titles which you your self graciously neglected."

Crowne's *Destruction of Jerusalem* (1677) is dedicated to the Duchess of Portsmouth.

"We, who place your statues in our gardens, add no glory to you, only make our own walkes delighted in by ourselves, and frequented by others, which else would lye neglected by both. I fix then your Grace's Image at this Jewish Temple Gate to render the building sacred, nor can the Jews be angry with so beautiful a profanation; and in guiding them to you, they are conducted like their ancestors to repose and happiness, in the most fair and delightful part of the world."

The Crownes and their fellows are of but little account, and their follies are merely subjects of curiosity and wonder; but it is sad to find a man like Otway, who occupies a niche in the temple of fame, desecrating his talents by dedicating *Venice Preserv'd* (1682) to this same Duchess of Portsmouth.

The author says he can never thank her enough for her goodness in bringing him into the royal favour, from which he had been kept back.

"You have in that restor'd me to my native right, for a steady faith, and loyalty to my prince was all the inheritance my father left me, and however hardly my

ill fortune deal with me, 'tis what I prize so well that I ne'er pawn'd it yet, and hope I ne'er shall part with it. Nature and Fortune were certainly in league when you were born, and as the first took care to give you beauty enough to enslave the hearts of all the world, so the other resolv'd to doe its merit justice that none but a monarch fit to rule that world should e'er possess it, and in it he had an empire. The young Prince you have given him, by his blooming vertues, early declares the mighty stock he came from."

The dedication continues in the same fulsome style.

Wycherley, who with all his indecency was well supplied with good sense, ridiculed the fashion of his day by dedicating his *Plain Dealer* (1677) to the notorious procuress, Mother Bennett, of Covent Garden, in a long address of six pages, full of clever but coarse writing. It is addressed "To my Lady B—."

George Powell dedicated his *Treacherous Brothers* (1690) to the Patentees and Sharers of their Majesties' Theatre, expressing his sense of obligations to them.

"The time has been when as old Ben ended his grace with God bless me and God bless Ralph, viz. :

the honest Drawer that drew him good Sack, so some modern authors with the same equity, might full as pathetically have furnish'd out one article of their prayers (not forgetting the present props of the Stage) with God bless Mohun, and God bless Hart, the good actors that got 'em their good third days, and consequently more substantial patrons than the greatest gay name in the frontispiece of the proudest Dedication."

Colley Cibber was very successful with his play of the *Non-Juror* (1718), founded on Molière's *Tartuffe*. Lintott gave him a hundred guineas for the copyright, and George I. ordered him two hundred guineas for the dedication, and the author attributed his appointment as poet laureate to the persecution he met with in consequence of writing the play.

In the address to the King, Cibber wrote:—

"When a principle is once made truly ridiculous it is not in the power of human nature not to be ashamed of it. From which reflection I was first determined to attack those lurking enemies of our constitution from the stage.

"I have yet a farther hope, that it has even discovered the strength and number of the misguided to be much less, than may have been artfully insinuated,

there being no assembly where people are so free and apt to speak their minds, as in a crowded theatre, of which your Majesty may have lately seen an instance, in the insuppressible acclamations that were given on your appearing to honour this Play with your presence."

Theobald was fortunate in the dedication fee for his adaptation of Shakespeare's *Richard II.* (1720), which he received from the Earl of Orrery. This was a hundred pound note enclosed in a box of Egyptian pebble which was worth some twenty pounds in addition.

Christopher Bullock put his comedy of *Woman's Revenge, or a Match in Newgate* under the protection of one of the actors.

"To my Merry Friend and Brother Comedian, Mr. JAMES SPILLER."

"Dear Jemmy,—My choice of you for a patron will acquit me of those detestable characters, which most of our modern authors are obnoxious to from their fulsome dedications—I mean a mercenary and a flatterer. . . .

"I shall content myself with mentioning the many obligations I have to you, particularly for your good performances in this farce, especially in your last part, I mean that of Padwell, in which you was a shining

ornament to the scene of Newgate, and you must not think I flatter you, when I tell you you have a natural impudence proper to the character, and became your fetters as well as any that ever wore them."

We may conclude this chapter on Playwrights' dedications appropriately with one of the best dedications ever written.

Macklin a few years before his death was found at a great age to be almost without property of any kind. His friends consulted on the best means of extricating him from this precarious state. His two plays, *The Man of the World* and *Love à la Mode*, were reprinted (1793) in a handsome quarto volume with his portrait, and a subscription was opened. The result was that £1,582 11s. was collected, and an annuity of £200 was purchased for Macklin, and one of £75 for his wife in case she survived him. The volume is dedicated to Lord Camden, in a very vigorous address which was either written by Macklin himself or polished from his own rough sketch:—

"My Lord,—The permission, with which your Lordship has been pleased to honour me, calls forth

warmest acknowledgements of respect and gratitude. The polite condescension, with which, before that time, I had been admitted to your Lordship's presence, was always considered by me as the happiest incident of my life. I knew from what a height your Lordship beheld me in my humble station. You looked, I may say, from Shakespeare's Cliff, and saw, more than half way down, a man gathering Samphire. Repeated obligations taught me to flatter myself that in the evening of my days, I had obtained a Patron; and what at first was vanity, soon turned to gratitude.

"I will not attempt, my Lord, to disguise that in my ambition to prefix an illustrious name to this edition, there was a secret tincture of self-interest. Under your Lordship's patronage, I had no doubt of success. The facility, with which my request was granted, shewed with what benevolence you were ready to relieve the wants, and soothe the languor of declining age. But I forbear to enlarge on the subject. I am allowed to inscribe such works as mine to your Lordship, but not to speak the language of my heart; and thus while I know what is due to your virtues, I am bound to consider how little your ear will endure.

"But, my Lord, since Truth itself is suspected in a Dedication; since, as your Lordship is pleased to say, it is seldom read, and never believed; I hope I may be permitted to descend to an humbler subject. Old age is narrative and delights in egotism. I beg leave to avail myself of the privilege. The honour of being distinguished by Lord Camden, has put me on better

terms with myself ; and, though I feel the symptoms natural to a long life, I can boast with pride, that I know the value of the obligation, and to whom I am indebted.

“My memory is not so bad, but I can still remember the eminent lawyer, who figured at the Bar forty years ago, and soon became the chosen friend of the great Earl of Chatham. I remember him, in the office of Attorney General, supporting at once the Prerogative of the Crown, and the rights of the People ; a friend to the Liberty of the Press, yet a controller of licentiousness, and a firm Defender of the Principles of the Revolution. I remember the same great Lawyer presiding in the Court of Common Pleas, and I was present on a great occasion, when general warrants, that subtle invention of a former age, died at his feet.

“I remember the same great Judge in the highest Court of Judicature, deciding like Lord Hardwick, with even-handed justice ; and after a regular gradation of honours, I now see him President of the Council, where he sits in judgement dispensing Law and Equity to all His Majesty's Foreign Dominions—and as Shakespeare says, bearing his faculties so meek, so clear in his great office, that a pure administration of justice is acknowledged to flow through all parts of the British Empire.

“My memory, my Lord, is not exhausted, but I hasten to a recent fact. When the Libel Bill was depending in Parliament, I know who was the orator in

the cause of the People and the Constitution. By that Bill, which, with your Lordship's support, has happily passed into a Law, I saw it determined, that, when a Jury is sworn to try the matters in issue, Craft and Chicane are no longer to teach twelve men to perjure themselves by resigning the chief part of their duty to the discretion of the Court, which has been emphatically called, The Law of Tyrants.

“But it is not for me to spread the Canvass and injure the Portrait by such weak colouring as mine. History, my Lord, will have a better memory than I have. In that page posterity will be taught to honour the Statesman whose comprehensive mind embraces the Light of Reason, the Principles of Natural justice, and the Spirit of the British Constitution.

“These are the things, my Lord, which with every Briton, I remember with pleasure. In such a case it is natural to boast of my memory. That I may for the same purpose, retain that faculty to the end of my days, and that the memory of Lord Camden, and the obligations which he has bestowed upon me, may be the last to fade from my mind, is a consummation devoutly to be wished for. I have the honour to remain, my Lord, your Lordship's most grateful and most devoted humble Servant,

“CHARLES MACKLIN.”



CHAPTER VI.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY DEDICATIONS.

ALTHOUGH the bad fashion of writing fulsome dedications for money payment, so prevalent in the seventeenth, was continued into the eighteenth century, we find in the latter many genuine expressions of gratitude and good feeling. The third volume of the *Tatler* is dedicated to Lord Chancellor Cowper by Steele in his own name, and the fourth volume to Montague, Lord Halifax.

The first volume of the *Spectator* is dedicated to Lord Somers.

“None but a person of a finished character can be the proper patron of a work, which endeavours to cultivate and polish human life, by promoting virtue and knowledge, and by recommending whatsoever may be either useful or ornamental to society.”

The second volume is inscribed to Montague, Lord Halifax.

“I have an ambition this book may be placed in the library of so good a judge of what is valuable, in that library where the choice is such, that it will not be a disparagement to be the meanest author in it.”

The fourth volume bears the name of the great Duke of Marlborough.

“One cannot indeed without offence, to yourself observe that you excel the rest of mankind in the least as well as the greatest endowments.

“We may congratulate your Grace not only upon high achievements, but likewise upon the happy expiration of your command, by which your glory is put out of the power of fortune: and when your person shall be so too, that the Author and Disposer of all things may place you in that higher mansion of bliss and immortality which is prepared for good princes, lawgivers and heroes, when he in his due time removes them from the envy of mankind, is the hearty prayer of—THE SPECTATOR.”

It is delightful, after looking through the successive volumes of the *Spectator*, and finding them dedicated to peers and great men, to come in the last volume on a dedication to our old friend William Honeycomb, Esq.

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“And here, Sir, I shall not compliment you for your birth, person, or fortune, nor any other the like perfections which you possess whether you will or no, but shall only touch upon those which are of your own acquiring, and in which every one must allow you have a real merit.”

The *Spectator* then goes on to refer to the marriage of this supposed confirmed bachelor.

“You chose for your wife an obscure young woman, who doth not indeed pretend to an ancient family, but has certainly as many forefathers as any lady in the land if she could but reckon up their names.”

Hearne tells us in his *Diary* that Laurence Eachard received £300 from George I. for the dedication to his *History of England*, and Dr. Hickes a hundred guineas from Prince George (afterwards George II.) for the dedication of his *Thesaurus*. In 1711 Dr. Bentley offered to dedicate his new edition of Horace to Harley Earl of Oxford, which must be considered rather in the light of a bribe, for it obtained for him the Minister's active protection.

Dr. Young could satirise the absurdities of dedicational praise, although he was not free himself from the fault of flattering patrons when he thought it would be profitable. In the first Satire of the *Love of Fame*, addressed to the Duke of Dorset, he wrote :—

“ Shall poesy, like law, turn wrong to right,
And dedications wash an Æthiop white,
Set up each senseless wretch for nature’s boast,
On whom praise shines, as trophies on a post?”

His *Paraphrase on part of the Book of Job* is dedicated to “ Thomas Lord Parker, Baron of Macclesfield, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain,” in an epistle full of such courtly praise as this :—

“ It is annexed to the condition of eminent merit not to suffer more from the malice of its enemies, than from the importunity of its admirers ; and perhaps it would be unjust that your lordship should hope to be exempted from the troubles, when you possess all the talents, of a patron.”

Dr. Cheyne dedicated his once famous book on the *English Malady* (1733) to Lord Bateman in words appropriate to his

subject. He says that as his book is on simplicity of diet it would be inappropriate to introduce it with a dedication "cook'd up to the height of a French or Italian taste." He then proceeds :—

"Addresses of this kind are generally a sort of ragous and olios, compounded of ingredients as pernicious to the mind as such unnatural meats are to the body. Servile flattery, fulsome compliments and bombast panegyrick make up the nauseous composition. But I know that your Lordship's taste is too delicate to be able to bear such cookery."

Francis Drake dedicated his valuable work on the city of York, entitled *Eboracum* (1736), to the Earl of Burlington. In his preface the author complains that the Archbishop of York would not accept of the dedication of his book.

"It was a sensible concern and discouragement to me, when our present most reverend and most worthy metropolitan not only refused, upon my repeated application to him, to accept of the dedication of the Church account, but even to subscribe to the book."

This was Archbishop Blackburn.

The quack Sir John Hill, who has already been alluded to on a former page, inscribed

his "Essays in Natural History and Philosophy" (1752), in these not unhappy terms: "To John Earl of Orrery whose name is praise, the author of the *Inspector*, proud to say that Paper gave him such a patron, dedicates these observations."

Joshua Kirby, who published in 1754 a well-known book entitled *Dr. Brook Taylor's Method of Perspective made easy* (1754), with a frontispiece by Hogarth, dedicated it to that celebrated man.

"I shall not follow the common method of dedicators, by attempting a panegyrick upon your amiable qualifications, which might appear like flattery, and offend your modesty; I shall only beg leave to say, that your own inimitable performances are greater instances of your genius in the arts of design, your knowledge of the Human Passions, and your contempt of vice and Folly, than it is in my power to express."

It is not easy to tell the value of the patron to the author in particular instances. Often he merely paid a small fee for the honour done to him; but doubtless in the case of expensive books little likely to sell, he bore the greater part of the cost of production. William Borlase the antiquary

states in his *Antiquities of Cornwall* (1754), that in consequence of the death of Sir John St. Aubyn, to whom that book was to have been dedicated, he for want of a patron was hesitating whether he should publish or not. But the living Sir John came to his relief. The son accepted the dedication originally intended for his father, and to him Borlase wrote : " You were pleas'd, Sir, to fix me in the design by encouraging the publication in the most friendly and generous manner."

Bishop Percy dedicated the first edition of his *Reliques* (1765) to his patroness, and the dedication also appeared in the second (1767) and the third (1775) editions.

" To the Right Honourable ELIZABETH, COUNTESS of NORTHUMBERLAND, in her own right, Baroness Percy, Lucy, Poynings, Fitz-Payne, Bryan, and Latimer.

" Madam, those writers, who solicit the protection of the noble and the great, are often exposed to censure by the impropriety of their addresses : a remark that will perhaps be too readily applied to him, who having nothing better to offer than the rude songs of ancient minstrels, aspires to the patronage of the Countess of Northumberland, and hopes that the barbarous productions of unpolished ages can obtain the approbation or notice of her, who adorns courts

by her presence, and diffuses elegance by her example.

“But this impropriety, it is presumed, will disappear, when it is declared that these poems are presented to your Ladyship, not as labours of art, but as effusions of nature, showing the first efforts of ancient genius, and exhibiting the customs and opinions of remote ages ; of ages that had been almost lost to memory, had not the gallant deeds of your illustrious ancestors preserved them from oblivion. No active or comprehensive mind can forbear some attention on the reliques of antiquity. It is prompted by natural curiosity to survey the progress of life and manners, and to inquire by what gradations barbarity was civilized, grossness refined, and ignorance instructed ; but this curiosity, Madam, must be stronger in those who, like your Ladyship, can remark in every period the influence of some great progenitor, and who still feel in their effects the transactions and events of distant centuries.

“By such bonds, Madam, as I am now introducing to your presence, was the infancy of genius nurtured and advanced, by such were the minds of unlettered warriors softened and enlarged, by such was the memory of illustrious actions preserved and propagated, by such were the heroic deeds of the Earls of Northumberland sung at festivals in the hall of Alnwick ; and those songs which the bounty of your ancestors rewarded, now return to your Ladyship by a kind of hereditary right ; and I flatter myself will

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find such reception as is usually shown to poets and historians, by those whose consciousness of merit makes it their interest to be long remembered.

"I am, Madam, your Ladyship's most humble and most devoted servant,

"THOMAS PERCY."

The Duchess of Northumberland died in 1776, and the fourth edition of the *Reliques* (1794) appeared with the following inscription in place of the above dedication.

"To Elizabeth, late Duchess, and Countess of Northumberland, in her own right Baroness Percy, etc., etc., etc., who, being sole heiress to many great families of our ancient nobility, employed the princely fortune, and sustained the illustrious honours, which she derived from them, through her whole life with the greatest dignity, generosity and spirit; and who for her many public and private virtues will ever be remembered as one of the first characters of her time, this little work was originally dedicated; and as it sometimes afforded her amusement, and was highly distinguished by her indulgent approbation, it is now, with the utmost regard, respect and gratitude, consecrated to her beloved and honoured memory."

Sterne, who proposed to put up the dedication to *Tristram Shandy* for sale, actually dedicated it to the first William Pitt.

“To the Right Honourable Mr. PITT.

“Sir,—Never poor wight of a dedicator had less hopes from his dedication, than I have from this of mine; for it is written in a large corner of the kingdom, and in a retired thatch'd house, where I live in a constant endeavour to fence against the infirmities of ill health, and other evils of life, by winter; being firmly persuaded that every time a man smiles, but much more so when he laughs, that it adds something to this fragment of life.

“I humbly beg, Sir, that you will honour this book by taking it (not under your protection, it must protect itself, but) into the country with you; when if I am ever told it has made you smile, or can conceive it has beguiled you of one moment's pain, I shall think myself as happy as a minister of State, perhaps much happier than any one (one only excepted) that I have ever read or heard of.

“I am, great Sir,

“(and what is more to your Honour),

“I am, good Sir,

“Your well-wisher,

“And most humble Fellow Subject,

“THE AUTHOR.”

Allusion has already been made to the adoption of multiplex dedication, and this fashion was not altogether unknown in the eighteenth century. Dr. C. Lucas dedicated his *Essay on Waters* to the Earl of

Macclesfield, President, and the Council and Fellows of the Royal Society; also to His Royal Highness the Prince, and to the Earl of Shelburne.

“When your Lordship forbids even private acknowledgments of the greatest obligations there is much room to fear mine humble offering in this way can hardly be acceptable, yet——” and then the author goes on with more confidence.

Granger very appropriately dedicated his *Biographical History of England* to Horace Walpole, and his dedication ends thus:—

“If I have an ambition for anything it is to be an honest man and a good parish priest, and in the next place to have the honour to be esteemed, Sir, your most obliged, most grateful and most obedient humble servant.”

Sir John Hawkins's *History of the Science and Art of Music* (1776) was dedicated to George III., with an inscription of but little merit; and Miss Hawkins relates in *Memoirs* how the book was received by the King. When His Majesty heard that the history was ready, he honoured the author with

a command to present it in person, not in the usual form at St. James's, but in private at Buckingham House. Hawkins sent the five quarto volumes to be bound by Darbishire, one of the good binders of the day; and as the work is now in the King's Library at the British Museum, we can see that the binder did his job very creditably.¹ The covers are of red morocco with gilt back and gilt border on the sides. At the audience the King and Queen were present, and they graciously held the author in conversation for a time on the subject of music.

The notorious quack, Dr. James Graham, dedicated the fourth edition of his *General State of Medical and Chirurgical Practice exhibited* (1778) to Mrs. Catherine Macaulay,

¹ Darbishire was employed by Steevens, the Shakespearian commentator; but according to that critic the binder was a very untrustworthy man. He told the Hawkinses that he had given Darbishire, on a rainy day, a set of books to bind. The binder received them at Hampstead, and returned towards town. Shortly after Steevens set off to walk to London, and passing a skittle ground he saw to his horror the books lying soaking in the rain, while Darbishire was playing at skittles.

and in some very high-flown language speaks of the "renowned name of Macaulay."

This dedication is reprinted in the sixth edition (1779) with this amusing note:—

"Mrs. Macaulay has lately married Dr. Graham's only brother. At writing the above dedication Dr. Graham little expected the high honour and happiness of so near an alliance with so great and so amiable a character."

Davies's *Dramatic Miscellanies* (1784) is dedicated "To H.R.H. George Prince of Wales" in a bombastic style rather out of character with the subject of the book.

"The illustrious house of Hanover was called to the throne of these realms, by the voice of the people, to support that fabric of government, by which the limits of the Crown and the claims of the subject were unalterably fixed and established at the Revolution. From that happy period, the Sovereign of England acquired the most glorious of all titles, A King of Freemen!"

The following curious note on Sheridan's opinion of his own dedication is taken from Byron's *Diary* (1821), and quoted in Byron's Works, in illustration of the noble poet's monody on the death of Sheridan:—

“Sheridan’s own Monody on Garrick was spoken from the same boards by Mrs. Yates in March 1779. ‘One day,’ says Lord Byron, ‘I saw him take it up. He lighted upon the dedication to the Dowager Lady Spencer. On seeing it he flew into a rage and exclaimed that it must be a forgery, as he had never dedicated anything of his to such a d—d canting,’ etc., etc.; and so he went on for half an hour abusing his own dedication, or at least the object of it. If all writers were equally sincere it would be ludicrous.”

It has been thought advisable to devote a separate chapter to Dr. Johnson, who was one of the most famous dedicators of the eighteenth century; and this chapter may be brought to a conclusion with a note on the rather unkind dedication to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter of Hayley’s *Philosophical, Historical and Moral Essay on Old Maids* (1785).

“Dear Madam,—Permit me to pay my devotions to you, as the ancients did to their threefold Diana; and to reverence you in three distinct characters; as a Poet, as a Philosopher, and as an Old Maid. Although the latter name may, in vulgar estimation, be held inferior to the two preceding, allow me to say, it is the dignity with which you support the last of these titles, that has chiefly made me wish you to appear as the Protectress of the little volumes, which I have now the honour to lay before you. Your virtues and

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your talents induce me to consider you as the President of the chaste community, whose interest I have endeavoured to promote in the following performance."

Sir Egerton Brydges tells us in his *Autobiography* that Mrs. Carter was much offended at the publication of this dedication, as she thought it had a tendency to draw her into painful notice and make her ridiculous.¹

After the death of Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, a handsome edition of his Works was published by his widow, who dedicated the book to his memory.

"To the memory of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. These his more lasting remains (the monuments of his mind, and more perfect image of himself) are here collected by the direction of Catharine his Duchesse : Desirous that his ashes may be honoured and his fame and merit committed to the test of time, truth, and posterity."

These works have not stood the test well, for Time would have nothing to do with his verse, and as an author he is now quite forgotten.

The great Lord Mansfield when a young man formed a friendship with Pope, who

¹ Vol. i., p. 129.

highly appreciated the merits of his young friend, and dedicated his sixth epistle of the first Book of Horace to Mr. Murray. The future fame of the great lawyer was prophetically seen by the poet:—

“ And what is fame?—the meanest have their day !
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Grac’d as thou art with all the power of words,
So known, so honour’d, at the House of Lords :
Conspicuous scene ! another yet is nigh,
(More silent far,) where kings and poets lie ;
Where Murray (long enough his country’s pride)
Shall be no more than Tully and than Hyde ! ”





CHAPTER VII.

DR. JOHNSON'S DEDICATIONS.

TO write a good dedication requires a special gift, and one that very few possess ; some men, however, have established a particular fame for producing them. Dr. Johnson was appealed to on many occasions, and he usually executed his task with success. He told Boswell that "he believed he had dedicated to the Royal Family all round," and said that it was indifferent to him what was the subject of the work dedicated, provided it was innocent.

That a painstaking author need not necessarily be able to write a good dedication we see from John Latham's *General History of Birds* (1821). This book was dedicated to George IV. in the following disjointed sentences :—

“Sir,—The work which I submit to the public under your Majesty’s most gracious patronage has been the labour and amusement of many years.

“Having through the kindness of many friends had an opportunity of examining most of the specimens mentioned therein, I trust that the descriptions will be found faithful. That your Majesty may long reign over a loyal people, the Patron and encourager of Science and Art in their branches, is the sincere wish of

“Your Majesty’s

“Devoted and grateful subject and servant.”

One of the best of Johnson’s dedications is that to Burney’s *History of Music*. This is not mentioned by Boswell, but it is known to be by Johnson, on Dr. Parr’s authority, and the internal evidence corroborates the claim. It is written in beautiful language, and is the perfection of courtly compliment without adulation. Its beauties will be found to stand out with the greater force if it is read immediately after poor Dr. Latham’s wretched composition.

“To the QUEEN.

“Madam,—The condescension with which your Majesty has been pleased to permit your name to stand before the following History, may justly reconcile the

Author to his favourite study, and convince him, that whatever may be said by the professors of severer wisdom, the hours which he has bestowed upon Music have been neither dishonourably nor unprofitably spent.

“The science of musical sounds, though it may have been depreciated, as appealing only to the ear, and affording nothing more than a momentary and fugitive delight, may be with justice considered as the art that unites corporal with intellectual pleasure, by a species of enjoyment which gratifies sense, without weakening reason ; and which therefore the great may cultivate without debasement, and the good enjoy without depravation.

“Those who have most diligently contemplated the state of man, have found it beset with vexations which can neither be repelled by splendor, nor eluded by obscurity ; to the necessity of combating these intrusions of discontent, the ministers of pleasure were indebted for that kind reception, which they have perhaps too indiscriminately obtained. Pleasure and innocence ought never to be separated ; yet we seldom find them otherwise than at variance, except when Music brings them together.

“To those who know that Music is among your Majesty's recreations, it is not necessary to display its purity or assert its dignity. May it long amuse your leisure, not as a relief from evil, but as an augmentation of good ; not as a diversion from care, but as a variation of felicity. Such, Madam, is my sincerest

wish, in which I can however boast no peculiarity of reverence or zeal ; for the virtues of your Majesty are universally confessed ; and however the inhabitants of the British empire may differ in their opinions upon other questions, they all behold your excellencies with the same eye, and celebrate them with the same voice ; and to that name which one nation is echoing to another, nothing can be added by the respectful admiration and humble gratitude of, Madam,

“ Your Majesty’s

“ Most obedient

“ And most devoted servant,

“ CHARLES BURNEY.”

It is somewhat repugnant to our feelings to find a man like Johnson writing compliments to be signed by another, but this he does not seem to have felt himself ; and Boswell says that in writing dedications for others he considered himself as by no means speaking his own sentiments.

Johnson would write for others what he was too proud to write for himself ; but here again his conduct was rather inconsistent, for he desired the patronage of Lord Chesterfield when he wrote the celebrated scheme of his Dictionary, but afterwards, being dissatisfied with the amount of the Earl’s assistance, he

penned that scathing invective which contains his famous definition of a patron: "Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached the ground encumbers him with help?"

Boswell collected such books as he knew to have dedications by Johnson,¹ and he has noticed them in his *Life*, but many must have escaped his researches. The following is a list of those mentioned by Boswell:—

- 1743. James's Medicinal Dictionary. To Dr. Mead.
- 1752. Mrs. Lennox's Female Quixote. To the Earl of Middlesex.
- 1753. Mrs. Lennox's Shakespeare Illustrated. To the Earl of Orrery.
- 1756. Wm. Payne's Introduction to the Game of Draughts. To the Earl of Rochford.
- 1758. Angell's Stenography. To Charles Duke of Richmond.
- 1760. Baretti's Italian and English Dictionary. To Don Felix, Marquis of Abreu.
- 1762. John Kennedy's System of Astronomical Chronology. To the King.

¹ "*Boswell*. What an expense, Sir, do you put us to in buying books, to which you have written Prefaces or Dedications."—Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

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1763. Hoole's Translation of Tasso. To the Queen.
1766. Gwyn's London and Westminster Improved.
To the King.
1767. George Adams's Treatise on the Globes. To
the King.
1767. Roger Ascham's English Works, edited by
the Rev. James Bennet. To the Earl of
Shaftesbury.
1777. Bishop Z. Pearce's Posthumous Works (Com-
mentary on the Four Evangelists and the
Acts of the Apostles). To the King.

The dedications in these books are reprinted in the fifth volume of the Oxford edition of Johnson's Works, and it is not necessary here to do more than note some of the points connected with them.

The first book on this list is Dr. James's great Dictionary in three volumes. James and Johnson both belonged to Lichfield, and the latter was pleased to help the former in a matter of this kind. Some of the turns of expression in the dedication are very happy, such as these: "You are therefore to consider this address, if it be agreeable to you, as one of the rewards of merit; and if otherwise as one of the inconveniences of

eminence." "This publick appeal to your judgement will show that I do not found my hopes of approbation upon the ignorance of my readers, and that I fear his censure least whose knowledge is most extensive."

In the eighteenth century it was not considered unprofessional for a physician to sell a nostrum. James's Fever Powder was in high repute, and was specially appreciated by such men as Horace Walpole, Goldsmith, and the poet Christopher Smart. Its sale did not injure the practice of the fashionable physician, but added considerably to his profits.

The dedication to Lennox's *Female Quixote* begins: "Such is the power of interest over almost every mind that no one is long without arguments to prove any position which is ardently wished to be true, or to justify any measures which are dictated by inclination."

The Earl of Orrery is favoured with a sort of preface on Shakespeare, which stands in front of Mrs. Lennox's *Shakespeare Illustrated*; but the flattery of the patron is not

overlooked, and we read: "I now presume to lay the result of my researches before your Lordship, before that judge whom Pliny himself would have wished for his assessor to hear a literary cause."

Lord Rochford is told in the dedication to the book on Draughts that he "may sometimes exercise in a harmless game those abilities which have been so happily employed in the service of your country." Baretti is made to address the Marquis of Abreu, ambassador from his Catholic Majesty, in these terms: "The Italian Dictionary is dedicated to your Excellency, that I might gratify my vanity by making it known that in a country where I am a stranger I have been able without any external recommendation to obtain the countenance of a nobleman so eminent for knowledge and ability." The reason given for dedicating Kennedy's *Astronomical Chronology* to the King is very ingenious:—"An age of war is not often an age of learning; the tumult and anxiety of military preparations seldom leave attention vacant to the silent progress of study, and the placid

conquests of investigation; yet surely a vindication of the inspired writers can never be unseasonably offered to the defender of the faith."

The passage in the dedication of Hoole's *Tasso* to Queen Charlotte, where the good fortune of the present translator and the ill fortune of the original author are compared, is particularly happy. "I cannot but observe, Madam, how unequally reward is proportioned to merit, when I reflect that the happiness which was withheld from Tasso is reserved for me, and that the poem which once hardly procured to its author the countenance of the princes of Ferrara has attracted to its translator the favourable notice of a British Queen."

We learn from the dedication of Adams's *Treatise on the Globes* to the King that "Geography is in a peculiar manner the science of princes;" and those who have seen the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and learnt how greatly this magnificent show has interested our Queen, must feel that this observation is true. The remark made to

George III., "that the provinces which your Majesty's arms have added to your dominions make no inconsiderable part of the orb allotted to human beings," with a little alteration, is even more appropriate to Victoria. A considerable portion of the inhabited world glories in the right to call her Queen and Empress. Who can be surprised that Her Majesty is delighted at the opportunity of seeing the products of her vast possessions brought together?

The late Mr. Bolton Corney pointed out in *Notes and Queries* (1st series, i., 257), that the dedication of William Payne's *Introduction to Geometry* (1767) to Edward Duke of York must have been written by Johnson. As this is less known than the others mentioned above it will be well to reprint it here.

"Sir,—They who are permitted to prefix the names of princes to the treatises of science generally enjoy the protection of a patron, without fearing the censure of a judge.

"The honour of approaching your royal highness has given me many opportunities of knowing that the work which I now presume to offer will not partake of the usual security. For as the knowledge which

your royal highness has already acquired of Geometry extends beyond the limits of an introduction, I expect not to inform you ; I shall be happy if I merit your approbation. An address to such a patron admits no recommendation of the science. It is superfluous to tell your royal highness that Geometry is the primary and fundamental art of life ; that its effects are extended through the principal operations of human skill ; that it conducts the soldier in the field, and the seaman in the ocean ; that it gives strength to the fortress, and elegance to the palace. To your royal highness all this is already known. Geometry is secure of your regard, and your opinion of its usefulness and value has sufficiently appeared by the condescension in which you have been pleased to honour one who has so little pretension to the notice of Princes as, Sir, your royal highnesses [*sic*] most obliged, most obedient and most humble servant,

“WILLIAM PAYNE.”

Boswell also mentions that Johnson dedicated some music for the German flute to the Duke of York, but he does not more explicitly describe this work. If, as Johnson himself stated, he had dedicated books to the whole royal family, there must be many dedications of his which have not yet been pointed out.



CHAPTER VIII.

MODERN DEDICATIONS.



WE have traced the history of Dedications down to the present century, and it will be found that some of the best of these inscriptions have been left for the present chapter. The cause of this is easily explained. As formerly no book was issued without a dedication, so now few are published with them, and in consequence scarcely any dedications appear that are not written because the authors have something to say; thus they are usually pointed and good. Sir William Napier, in the dedication of his *History of the Peninsular War* to the Duke of Wellington, has managed to give us one of the most brilliant in the language. In a few simple words he implies the highest com-

mentation he could possibly bestow upon the great soldier.

“To Field Marshal the DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

“This History I dedicate to your Grace because I have served long enough under your command to feel why the soldiers of the Tenth Legion were attached to Cæsar.

“W. F. P. NAPIER.”

Byron was a great dedicator, and usually he was very happy in the composition of these addresses to his friends.

The *Hours of Idleness* was dedicated to the Earl of Carlisle :—

“To the Right Honourable Frederick, Earl of Carlisle, Knight of the Garter, etc., etc., the second edition of these poems is inscribed by his obliged ward and affectionate kinsman,

“THE AUTHOR.”

Every one knows that the author did not long remain the “affectionate kinsman” of Lord Carlisle, and in the pillory of the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* a niche is found for the peer :—

“Let Stott, Carlisle, Matilda, and the rest
Of Grub Street, and of Grosvenor Place the best,
Scrawl on, till death release us from the strain,
Or common sense assert her rights again.”

This note was added :—

“It may be asked why I have censured the Earl of Carlisle, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago. The guardianship was nominal, at least so far as I have been able to discover ; the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it ; but as his lordship seemed to forget it, on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burden my memory with the recollection. I do not think that personal differences sanction the unjust condemnation of a brother scribbler ; but I see no reason why they should act as a preventive, when the author, noble or ignoble, has for a series of years beguiled a ‘discerning public’ (as the advertisements have it) with divers reams of most orthodox imperial nonsense. Besides, I do not step aside to vituperate the earl ; no, his works come fairly in review with those of other patrician literati. If, before I escaped from my teens, I said anything in favour of his lordship’s paper books, it was in the way of dutiful dedication, and more from the advice of others than my own judgment, and I seize the first opportunity of pronouncing my sincere recantation. I have heard that some persons conceive me to be under obligations to Lord Carlisle. If so, I shall be most particularly happy to learn what they are and when conferred, that they may be duly appreciated and publicly acknowledged. What I have humbly advanced as an opinion on his printed things I am prepared to

support, if necessary, by quotations from elegies, eulogies, odes, episodes, and certain facetious and dainty tragedies bearing his name and mark :—

‘What can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards ?

Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards.’

So says Pope. Amen ! ”

Byron had the grace to write in 1816 of this ebullition of spite, “Much too savage, whatever the foundation might be.”

But there was worse than this in the Satire. In the first edition stood these flattering lines :—

“On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,
And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle.”

In the second edition the praise was expunged, and the following invective took its place :—

“No muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
The paralytic puling of Carlisle.
The puny schoolboy and his early lay
Men pardon, if his follies pass away ;
But who forgives the senior’s ceaseless verse,
Whose hairs grow hairy as his rhymes grow worse ?
What heterogeneous honours deck the peer !
Lord, rhymester, *petit-maitre*, pamphleteer !

So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,
 His scenes alone had damned our sinking stage ;
 But managers for once cried ‘ Hold, enough !’
 Nor drugged their audience with the tragic stuff.”

Lord Carlisle is at a disadvantage here, for his own reputation is almost forgotten except as the esteemed friend of many distinguished men, while the brilliant fame of his kinsman has caused his name to be remembered by many merely as the enemy of Byron. The poet at last, however, made amends when he beautifully alluded in the third canto of *Childe Harold* to the death at Waterloo of the Hon. Frederick Howard, youngest son of Lord Carlisle :—

“ Their praise is hymn’d by loftier harps than mine ;
 Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
 Partly because they blend me with his line,
 And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
 And partly that bright names will hallow song ;
 And his was of the bravest, and when showered
 The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files along,
 Even where the thickest of war’s tempest lowered,
 They reached no nobler breast than thine, young
 gallant Howard.”

The first canto of *Childe Harold* is ad-

dressed to a child ten years of age, Lady Charlotte Harley, second daughter of Edward fifth Earl of Oxford (afterwards Lady Charlotte Bacon), "young peri of the West," as Byron calls her; the Ianthe of Westall's lovely portrait in Finden's *Illustrations*, which is known to all of us as a very spirit of beauty.

Byron was glad to connect the fourth canto of his *Childe Harold* with John Cam Hobhouse (afterwards Lord Broughton), the friend of many years, and he did so in a long but charming address:—

"To one whom I have known long and accompanied far, whom I have found wakeful over my sickness and kind in my sorrow, glad in my prosperity and firm in my adversity, true in counsel and trusty in peril—to a friend often tried and never found wanting—to yourself. . . .

"In dedicating to you in its complete, or at least concluded state, a poetical work which is the longest, the most thoughtful and comprehensive of my compositions, I wish to do honour to myself by the record of many years' intimacy with a man of learning, of talent, of steadiness, and of honour. It is not for minds like ours to give or to receive flattery, yet the praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voice of friendship; and it is not for you, nor even for

others, but to relieve a heart which has not elsewhere or lately, been so much accustomed to the encounter of goodwill as to withstand the shock firmly, that I thus attempt to commemorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages which I have derived from their exertion." . . .

The Giaour (1813):—

“To Samuel Rogers, Esq.,
as a slight but most sincere token of admiration
for his genius,
Respect for his character,
and gratitude for his friendship,
this production is inscribed
by his obliged and affectionate servant,
BYRON.”

The Bride of Abydos (1813):—

“To the Right Honourable Lord Holland,
This tale is inscribed,
with every sentiment of regard and respect,
by his gratefully obliged and
sincere friend,
BYRON.”

The Corsair (1814) is dedicated to Moore in a long and interesting address commencing thus:—

“My dear Moore,—I dedicate to you the last production with which I shall trespass on public patience and your indulgence for some years; and I own that

I feel anxious to avail myself of this latest and only opportunity of adorning my pages with a name consecrated by unshaken public principle and the most undoubted and various talents. While Ireland ranks you among the firmest of her patriots, while you stand alone the first of her bards in her estimation, and Britain repeats and ratifies the decree, permit one, whose only regret, since our first acquaintance, has been the years he had lost before it commenced, to add the humble but sincere suffrage of friendship to the voice of more than one nation." . . .

The Siege of Corinth (1816) is dedicated to Hobhouse, and *Parisina* (1816) to Scrope Davies.

The poet is always allowed considerable latitude in his expressions ; therefore we must accept the dedication of the *Prophecy of Dante* (1819) to the Countess Guiccioli with allowance :—

“Lady ! if for the cold and cloudy clime
Where I was born, but where I would not die,
Of the great Poet-sire of Italy
I dare to build the imitative rhyme,
Harsh Runic copy of the South’s sublime,
Thou art the cause ; and howsoever I
Fall short of his immortal harmony,
Thy gentle heart will pardon me the crime.

Thou in the pride of Beauty and of Youth,
 Spakest; and for thee to speak and be obey'd
 Are one; but only in the sunny South
 Such sounds are utter'd, and such charms display'd,
 So sweet a language from so fair a mouth—
 Ah! to what effort would it not persuade?
 “Ravenna, June 21st, 1819.”

Sardanapalus (1821) is dedicated to
 Goethe in very flattering terms:—

“To
 THE ILLUSTRIOUS GOETHE
 a stranger presumes to offer the homage
 of a literary vassal to his liege lord, the first of existing
 writers
 who has created the literature of his own country
 and illustrated that of Europe.
 The unworthy production which the author ventures
 to inscribe to him
 is entitled
 SARDANAPALUS.”

The great man was much pleased with the
 compliment. He wrote:—

“Well knowing myself and my labours in my old
 age I could not but reflect with gratitude and diffi-
 dence on the expressions contained in this dedication,
 nor interpret them but as the generous tribute of a
 superior genius no less original in the choice than in-
 exhaustible in the materials of his subjects.”

Werner (1821) was also inscribed to Goethe, and *Cain, a Mystery* (1821) to Sir Walter Scott.

The discreditable dedication to Southey, consisting of seventeen stanzas, which was intended for *Don Juan*, was written in 1818, but suppressed in 1819. Unfortunately it has been revived, and now finds a place in the collected edition of Byron's works. It does no credit to the poet. "Gentle Coleridge" and "simple Wordsworth," as well as "Bob Southey," come in for a share of vituperation. The three had been previously reviled in the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. On the allusions to Wordsworth and Coleridge, Byron himself wrote later in life that they were unjust, but his hatred of Southey was somewhat deeper.

Next to Byron we must notice Shelley. *Queen Mab* was dedicated to Harriet * * * * *. This the poet himself tells us was intended for his first wife, Harriet Westbrook; but Medwin says it was written to Shelley's cousin, Harriet Grove. This conflicting evidence has puzzled the editors, and Mr. Buxton Forman

thinks it probable that in the first instance it was meant for Harriet Grove (the number of the stars suits this suggestion), but afterwards that it was left standing as a dedication to the first wife when the poem was rewritten.

Laon and Cythna (*Revolt of Islam*) is dedicated to Mary — — in a poem of fourteen stanzas. There can be no doubt that this was intended for the poet's second wife, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

The Cenci is dedicated in a charming letter to Leigh Hunt, which must be given entire. Respecting this, Shelley wrote to Hunt from Leghorn, on Sept. 3rd, 1819 :—

“I have written something and finished it, different from anything else, and a new attempt for me; and I mean to dedicate it to you. I should not have done so without your approbation, but I asked your picture last night and it smiled assent. If I did not think it in some degree worthy of you, I would not make you a public offering of it.”

Here is the dedication :—

“TO LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

“My dear Friend,—I inscribe with your name, from a distant country, after an absence whose months have seemed years, this the latest of my literary efforts.

“Those writings which I have hitherto published, have been little else than visions which impersonate my own apprehensions of the beautiful and the just. I can also perceive in them the literary defects incidental to youth and impatience ; they are dreams of what ought to be, or may be. The drama which I now present to you is a sad reality. I lay aside the presumptuous attitude of an instructor, and am content to paint. with such colours as my own heart furnishes, that which has been.

“Had I known a person more highly endowed than yourself with all that becomes a man to possess, I had solicited for this work the ornament of his name. One more gentle. honourable, innocent, and brave ; one of more exalted toleration for all who do and think evil, and yet himself more free from evil ; one who knows better how to receive and how to confer a benefit, though he must ever confer far more than he can receive ; one of simpler and, in the highest sense of the word, of purer life and manners I never knew : and I had already been fortunate in friendships when your name was added to the list.

“In that patient and irreconcilable enmity with domestic and political tyranny and imposture which the tenor of your life has illustrated, and which had I health and talents should illustrate mine, let us, comforting each other in our task, live and die.

“Al happiness attend you !

“Your affectionate friend,

“PERCY B. SHELLEY.”

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Peter Bell the Third (1819) is dedicated by Miching Mallecho, Esq., to Thomas Brown, Esq., the younger, H. F. ; that is, Thomas Moore, the historian of the Fudges. The latter part of this dedication is interesting from the early introduction of that personage of the future known as the "New Zealander":—

"Hoping that the immortality which you have given to the Fudges. you will receive from them ; and in the firm expectation, that when London shall be an habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand, shapeless and nameless ruins, in the midst of an unpeopled marsh ; when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets, of reeds, and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches in the solitary stream, some transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and unimagined system of criticism, the relative merits of the Bells and the Fudges and their historians."

Keats, who is naturally associated in one's mind with "the marvellous boy," inscribed his *Endymion* "to the memory of Thomas Chatterton."

Scott dedicated *Waverley* to the author of the *Man of Feeling*, and placed the dedication at the end of the book :—

“As I have inverted the usual arrangement, placing these remarks at the end of the work to which they refer, I will venture on a second violation of form, by closing the whole with a Dedication :

The volumes
being respectfully inscribed
to
our Scottish Addison,
Henry Mackenzie,
by
an unknown admirer
of
his genius.”

The Lay of the Last Minstrel is dedicated to the Earl of Dalkeith, and *The Lady of the Lake* to the Marquis of Abercorn. The different cantos of *Marmion* are dedicated to friends of the author in poetical epistles. *The Tales of a Grandfather* are dedicated to the author's grandson, the son of his daughter and J. Gibson Lockhart, in a capital letter, “humbly inscribed to Hugh Littlejohn, Esq. :” “Much respected sir,—Although I have not arrived at the reverend period of life which may put me on a level with yours.”

The Earl of Harcourt, in 1808, dedicated his privately printed *Account of the Church*

and Remains of the Manor-house of Stanton Harcourt, in the County of Oxford, to Gough the Antiquary :—

“ To Richard Gough, Esq.,
George Simon, Earl Harcourt
(although personally unknown
to that distinguished antiquary)
inscribes the following pages.

“ Nuneham Courtenay, Nov. 1st, 1808.”

It was an unusual thing for a nobleman to dedicate to a man of letters, and the compliment was greatly appreciated by the antiquary.

Some trifles, written by the late Bishop Thirlwall when he was eleven years of age, were published in 1809 under the title of *Primitiæ*, and dedicated to the Bishop of Dromore (the aged Dr. Percy). The dedication is written in a very inflated style, with such moral remarks as this : “ Flattery may expose the faults of the base and criminal, but can never elevate the characters of the great and good.” In after years the Bishop was rather ashamed of this little volume, and wished to suppress it.

Sir Humphrey Davy dedicated his *Elements of Chemical Philosophy* (1812) to his wife, Lady Davy, in a very pleasant address:—

“There is no individual to whom I can with so much propriety or so much pleasure dedicate this work as to you. The interest you have taken in the progress of it, has been a constant motive for my exertions, and it was begun and finished in a period of my life, which owing to you has been the happiest. Regard it as a pledge that I shall continue to pursue Science with unabated ardour. Receive it as a proof of my ardent affection, which must be unalterable, for it is founded upon the admiration of your moral and intellectual qualities.”

The Duke of Northumberland's loan of £10,000 to John Kemble on his personal security is well known, and the Duke's subsequent conduct on the day of the laying of the first stone of new Covent Garden Theatre, when he sent Kemble the cancelled bond. Kemble alludes to this princely act in the dedication to his essay on *Macbeth and King Richard III.* (1817):—

“My Lord Duke,—Be pleased to accept this tribute of my gratitude; that it is the constant character of your Grace's nature to conceal the benefit it confers, I well know; and I am fearful lest this

offering should offend, when I most anxiously wish it to be received with favour : yet when a whole happy tenantry are voting public monuments to perpetuate the memory of your Grace's paternal benevolence to them, I hope, my Lord, that I am not any longer forbidden to acknowledge my own great obligations to your munificence. Your Grace has thought me worthy of your bountiful patronage, and I may not presume to say how little I deserve it."

The dedication of the collected *Essays of Elia* (1822) is in Lamb's happiest style :—

"To the Friendly and Judicious Reader

"Who will take these papers as they were meant ; not understanding every thing perversely in the absolute and literal sense, but giving fair construction as to an after-dinner conversation, allowing for the rashness and necessary incompleteness of first thoughts ; and not remembering, for the purpose of an after taunt, words spoken peradventure after the fourth glass. The author wishes (what he would will for himself) plenty of good friends to stand by him, good books to solace him, prosperous events to all his honest undertakings, and a candid interpretation to his most hasty words and actions. The other sort (and he hopes many of them will purchase his book too) he greets with the curt invitation of Timon, 'Uncover, dogs, and lap,' or he dismisses them with the confident security of the philosopher, 'You beat but in the case of

ELIA.'"

This dedication was sent to the publisher with the following letter:—

“To J. TAYLOR, Esq.

“Dear Sir,—I should like the enclosed dedication to be printed unless you dislike it. I like it. It is in the olden style. But if you object to it put forth the book as it is, only pray don't let the printer mistake the word *curt* for *curst*.”

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's Poetical Works were collected and published in 1822 by Edward Jeffery under the auspices of Lords Holland and Essex. They were dedicated to Lord John Russell; but when he found how indecent many of the pieces were he wrote this letter:—

“28, Arlington Street, June 27th.

“Lord John Russell presents his compliments to Mr. Jeffery, and as he has professed his readiness to comply with any request he may make, he hopes Mr. Jeffery will oblige him by leaving his name out of the advertisement, and cancelling that page in the copies which remain on sale.”*

The bad practice of addressing princes

* Eliot Warburton's *Memoirs of Horace Walpole and his Contemporaries*, 1851, vol. ii., p. 122.

in terms of lying flattery is apt to survive : thus Sir Gilbert Blane dedicated his *Select Dissertations on Medical Science* (1822) to George IV., who is described as a “monarch who as he is the father of his people so is he the object of their veneration and affection.” Dr. Clanny, physician to the Duke of Sussex, dedicated a book in 1832 to that very ordinary prince as one “whose transcendent talents and acquirements in Literature, Science, and Politics, are known and duly appreciated throughout the civilised world.”

Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, prefixed a queer dedication to his *Queer Book* (1832) :—

“ This
 Motley Work,
 Made up of all the fowls’ feathers that fly in the air,
 From the rook to the wild swan,
 And from the kitty wren to the peacock,
 As the Shepherd’s *vade-mecum*,
 As the varied strains in which his soul delighteth,
 He dedicates most respectfully to
 Christopher North
 and
 Timothy Tickler,
 Esquires. ”

Byron was prevented from dedicating *Childe Harold* to the Rev. William Harness, a schoolfellow at Harrow, by fear that it might injure him in his profession. Harness had a life-long friendship for Miss Mitford, and his father had acted towards Miss Mitford's mother *in loco parentis* at her marriage by giving her away. In 1837 Miss Mitford dedicated a little volume of stories to him.

“ To

The Rev. WILLIAM HARNESS,
whose old hereditary friendship
has been the pride and pleasure
of her happiest hours,
her consolation in the sorrows
and
her support in the difficulties of life,
this little volume
is most respectfully and affectionately
inscribed by

THE AUTHOR.”

Dr. Whewell dedicated his *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences* to the Rev. Adam Sedgwick, the Cambridge geologist, in these admirable words :—

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“It has always been my wish that as far and as long as men might know anything of me by my writings, they should hear of me along with the friends with whom I have lived, whom I have loved, and by whose conversation I have been animated to hope that I too might add something to the literature of our country.”

Less praiseworthy is Turnbull's dedication of his volume *Legendæ Catholicæ* (Edinburgh, 1840) to the memory of Ribadeneira the Jesuit.

Professor De Morgan gave a very characteristic reason when he dedicated his *Arithmetical Books* (1847) to Dr. Peacock, Dean of Ely. He wrote :—

“My dear Sir,—It never entered into my head till now to adorn the front of any book of mine with an eminent name, and the reason I take to be that I have hitherto never chanced to write a separate work upon any subject with which the name of one individual was especially associated in the minds of those who study it.”

Julius Hare's *Mission of the Comforter* is dedicated in beautiful language to that distinguished friend the “sweet sounds of whose musical voice” had been already celebrated in *Guesses at Truth* :—

“ To the honoured memory
of SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE,
the Christian Philosopher,
who through dark and winding paths of speculation
was led to the Light,
in order that others by his guidance might reach that
light,
without passing through the darkness,
these sermons on the work of the Spirit
are dedicated
with deep thankfulness and reverence
by one of the many pupils
whom his writings have helpt to discern
the sacred concord and unity
of human and Divine truth.”

Few could compare with Dickens in putting a compliment into graceful words, and he was quite equal to the occasion when he dedicated *Master Humphrey's Clock* to the poet Rogers.

“ My dear Sir,—Let me have *my* pleasures of memory in connection with this book, by dedicating it to a poet, whose writings all the world knows are replete with generous and earnest feeling ; and to a man whose daily life (as all the world does not know) is one of active sympathy with the poor and humblest of his kind.”

Dickens dedicated the *Tale of Two Cities*

to Earl Russell, and the complete edition of his works to his friend and future biographer, John Forster. Novels do not, as a rule, contain dedications ; but other novelists than Dickens have broken the rule occasionally. Miss Braddon frequently dedicates her books to personal friends, and Mr. Black often to those whose initials only he betrays to the world. Whyte Melville dedicated *Sarchedon* to Sir Henry Layard, it may be in gratitude for information supplied by that distinguished Orientalist. Thackeray was under great obligations to a very famous physician, and he repaid his debt with a feeling dedication to *Pendennis*.

“ To

DR. JOHN ELLIOTSON.

“ My dear Doctor,—Thirteen months ago, when it seemed likely that this story had come to a close, a kind friend brought you to my bedside, whence, in all probability, I never should have risen but for your constant watchfulness and skill. I like to recall your great goodness and kindness (as well as many acts of others, showing quite a surprising friendship and sympathy) at that time, when kindness and friendship were most needed and welcome.

“ And as you would take no other fee but thanks, let

me record them here in behalf of me and mine, and subscribe myself,

“Yours most sincerely and gratefully,
“W. M. THACKERAY.”

Of modest dedications that by Mr. Aubrey De Vere of his *Songs of Faith, Devout Exercises, and Sonnets* is a good specimen:—

“To WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, Esq.

“My dear Sir,—To know that you have perused many of the following Poems with pleasure and did not hesitate to reward them with your praise, has been to me cause of unmingled happiness. In accepting the Dedication of this volume you permit me to link my name—which I have hitherto done so little to illustrate—with yours, the noblest of modern literature. I may at least hope to be named hereafter as one among the friends of WORDSWORTH. As such I trust you will ever regard your faithful

“AUBREY DE VERE.”

Jeffrey did justice to his friend Sydney Smith when he dedicated his *Essays* to him in the following terms:—

“To

The Reverend SYDNEY SMITH,
the original projector of the Edinburgh Review,
long its brightest ornament,
and always my true and indulgent friend,

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I now dedicate this republication
from love of old recollections,
and in token
of unchanged affection and esteem.

“F. JEFFREY.”

Macaulay dedicated the collected edition of his *Essays*, which had appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, to Jeffrey “in token of esteem, admiration, and affection.”

A very remarkable dedication is that written by Walter Savage Landor, and prefixed to his *Hellenics* in 1847. It is to Pope Pius IX., who had just then gained much celebrity by his liberal conduct.

“To
POPE PIUS IX.

“Never until now, most holy father! did I hope or desire to offer my homage to any potentate on earth; and now I offer it only to the highest of them all.

“There was a time when the cultivators of Literature were permitted and expected to bring the fruit of their labour to the Vatican. Not only was incense welcome there, but even the humblest produce of the poorest soil.

‘Verbenam, pueri, ponite thuraque.’

“If those better days are returning, without what

was bad or exceptionable in them, the glory is due entirely to your Holiness. You have restored to Italy hope and happiness ; to the rest of the world hope only. But a single word from your prophetic lips, a single motion of your earth-embracing arm, will overturn the firmest seats of iniquity and oppression. The word must be spoken ; the arm must wave. What do we see before us ? If we take the best of rulers under our survey, we find selfishness and frivolity : if we extend the view, ingratitude, disregard of honour, contempt of honesty, breach of promise : one step yet beyond, and there is cold-blooded idiocy, stabbing the nobles at home, spurning the people everywhere, and voiding its corrosive slaver in the fair face of Italy. It is better to look no farther, else our eyes must be riveted on frozen seas of blood superfused with blood fresh flowing. The same ferocious animal leaves the impression of its broad and heavy foot on the snow of the Arctic circle and of the Caucasus. And is this indeed all that Europe has brought forth, after such long and painful throes ? Has she endured her Marats, her Robespierres, her Buonapartes, for this ? God inflicted on the latter of these wretches his two greatest curses : uncontrolled power and perverted intellect ; and they were twisted together to make a scourge for a nation which revelled in every crime, but above all in cruelty. It was insufficient. She is now undergoing from a weaker hand a more ignominious punishment, pursued by the derision of Europe. To save her honour, she pretended to admire the

courage that decimated her children: to save her honour, she now pretends to admire the wisdom that imprisons them. Cunning is not Wisdom; prevarication is not policy; and (novel as the notion is, it is equally true) armies are not strength: Acre and Waterloo show it, and the flames of the Kremlin and the solitudes of Fontainebleau. One honest man, one wise man, one peaceful man, commands a hundred millions, without a baton and without a charger. He wants no fortress to protect him: he stands higher than any citadel can raise him, brightly conspicuous to the most distant nations, God's servant by election, God's image by beneficence.

“WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.”

When shortly after 1847 all these aspirations and good wishes were proved to be baseless, the author must have wished to have destroyed his dedication. He could not long have considered the pope to be the highest potentate on earth.

The inscription of Thornbury's *Songs of the Cavaliers* (1857) is conceived in the true spirit of dedication:—

“To DOUGLAS JERROLD, the Dramatist, Satirist, and Novelist, these verses are dedicated by the author, from one who is struggling and hopes to win, to one who has struggled and has won.”

John Forster dedicated his *Life of Goldsmith* to Dickens, in March, 1848:—

“ Genius and its rewards are briefly told ;
A liberal nature and a niggard doom,
A difficult journey to a splendid tomb
New-writ, nor lightly weighed, that story old
In gentle Goldsmith’s life I here unfold :
Thro’ other than lone wild or desert gloom,
In its mere joy and pain, its blight and bloom,
Adventurous. Come with me and behold,
A friend with heart as gentle for distress,
As resolute with wise true thoughts to bind
The happiest to the unhappiest of our kind,
That there is fiercer crowded misery
In garret-toil and London loneliness
Than in cruel islands ’mid the far-off sea.”

Dr. Kenealy’s dedication of his *Poems and Translations* (1864) has a curiosity of its own when read by the light of the author’s contentions with the Lord Chief Justice in the Tichborne trial:—

“ To the Right Honourable
Sir ALEXANDER EDMUND COCKBURN, Bart.,
Lord Chief Justice of England,
etc., etc., etc.,
this volume
is most respectfully inscribed

by one,
 who shares in the fervent admiration,
 honour, and regard
 which the whole Bar feel,
 for the Judge, the Jurist, and the Scholar."

The quaintness of the dedication of Miss Nightingale's *Introductory Notes on Lying-In Institutions* (1871) to the Midwife Phænarate, seems to call for its insertion here:—

"If I may dedicate, without 'pèrmission,' these small 'Notes' to the shade of Socrates' mother, may I likewise, without presumption, call to my help the questioning shade of her son, that I who write may have the spirit of questioning aright, and that those who read may learn not of me, but of themselves? And further has he not said: 'The midwives are respectable women and have a character to lose'?"

The author of *Over the Pyrenees into Spain*, 1865 (Mary Eyre), adopted an original mode of dedicating her book to many friends at once, for she placed their names in a round robin arranged as a wheel with twenty spokes.

Lord Tennyson dedicated his *Idylls of the King* to the memory of the Prince Consort, then recently deceased, in these

beautiful lines, which although so well known must be quoted here :—

“ These to his memory—since he held them dear,
Perchance as finding there unconsciously
Some image of himself—I dedicate.
I dedicate, I consecrate with tears—
These Idylls.

And indeed he seems to me
Scarce other than my own ideal knight,
‘ Who revered his conscience as his king ;
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong ;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen’d to it ;
Who loved one only and who clave to her—’
Her—over all whose realms to their last isle,
Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,
The shadow of his loss moved like eclipse,
Darkening the world. We have lost him : he is
gone :

We know him now : all narrow jealousies
Are silent ; and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all accomplish’d, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly ;
Not swaying to this faction or to that ;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing’d ambitions, nor a vantage ground
For pleasure ; but through all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,

In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
 And blackens every blot ; for where is he,
 Who dares foreshadow for an only son
 A lovelier life, a more unstain'd than his ? ”

* * * * *

How charming, too, is the conclusion,
 where, addressing the widowed Queen, the
 poet writes :—

“ May all love,
 His love, unseen but felt, o’ershadow thee,
 The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
 The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
 The love of all thy people comfort thee,
 Till God’s love set thee at his side again.”

The other great poet of our day, Robert
 Browning, dedicated his *Balaustion’s Adventure* : *including a transcript from Euripides*
 (1871), in a pleasant epistle to the Countess
 Cowper :—

“ If I mention the simple truth : that this poem
 absolutely owes its existence to you,—who not only
 suggested, but imposed on me as a task, what has
 proved the most delightful of May-month amusements
 —I shall seem honest, indeed, but hardly prudent ; for,
 how good and beautiful ought such a poem to be !

“ Euripides might fear little ; but I also, have an
 interest in the performance : and what wonder if I

beg you to suffer that it make, in another and far easier sense, its nearest possible approach to those Greek qualities of goodness and beauty, by laying itself gratefully at your feet?

“R. B.

“London, July 23rd, 1871.”

Two quite recent specimens of dedications, written in a somewhat old-fashioned style, appropriate to the subject of the books they precede, are those by Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy. His *Life and Adventures of Peg Woffington* he inscribed to Miss Ellen Terry, and his *Famous Plays* to Mr. Irving.

Some of the most beautiful of modern dedications have owed their birth to the affection of their writers. As Milton in his *Lycidas* raised up a worthy monument to his friend Edward King, as Lord Tennyson has immortalised Arthur Hallam in *In Memoriam*, so many authors have endeavoured to link the name of a lost friend or relative with the work that enlisted the interest and sympathies of that loved one. Sir William Stirling Maxwell's dedication to the *Annals of the Artists of Spain* is not novel in thought, but it is perfect in form:—

“These pages,
which I had hoped
to dedicate
to
my Father,
are now inscribed
in affectionate homage
to
his memory.”

We naturally feel a painful sympathy for a father whose hopes in a promising son are doomed to bitter disappointment: hence such a dedication as that by Charles Symmons of his *Life of Milton* to the memory of his son, is peculiarly touching:—

“To the memory of
My most dear and accomplished Son,
CHARLES SYMMONS,
by the co-operation of whose fine mind and perfect
taste

I have been largely benefited as a writer,
and to the contemplation of whose piety and virtues,
the sources of much of my past happiness,
I am indebted for all my present consolation,
I inscribe

This *Life of Milton* ;
which as it grew under his eye,
and was favoured with his regard,

cannot be without value in my partial estimation.

On the 23rd of May, 1805,
before he had completed his twenty-second year,
he was torn from my affection and my hopes,
experiencing from his God
in requital of a pure life
the mercy of an early death.

CHARLES SYMMONS."

The dedication of Stuart Mill's *Liberty* took by surprise the many who did not look to find the warm and lacerated heart of the man beneath the calm exterior of the philosopher:—

"To the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspirer, and in part the author, of all that is best in my writings—the friend and wife whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward—I dedicate this volume. Like all that I have written for many years, it belongs as much to her as to me; but the work as it stands has had in a very insufficient degree, the inestimable advantage of her revision; some of the most important portions having been reserved for a more careful re-examination which they are now never destined to receive. Were I but capable of interpreting to the world one-half the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave,

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I should be the medium of a greater benefit to it, than is ever likely to arise from anything that I can write unprompted and unassisted by her all but unrivalled wisdom."

We learn from Mill's *Autobiography* that a few dedicatory lines, acknowledging what the book owed to his wife, were prefixed to some of the presentation copies of the *Political Economy* on its first publication. Mrs. Mill's dislike of publicity alone prevented the insertion of the dedication in the other copies of the work.

Mr. Coventry Patmore dedicated his charming *Angel in the House* to the memory of his wife in a short but singularly beautiful inscription:—

" This Poem
is inscribed

to

the memory of Her

By whom and for whom I became a poet."

Many men, having felt how much they owe to their mothers, have wished to make known their obligations to the world by dedicating their works to her who stood to each in that sweet relationship. Buckle did

this in few words ; but in these few words he managed to show how much more than was possible he expected to perform, for the first work was left a mere fragment:—"To my Mother I dedicate this first volume of my first work."

Dean Stanley dedicated his *Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church* to the memory of his mother:—

"To the dear memory of Her
by whose firm faith, calm wisdom, and tender
sympathy,
these and all other labours
have for years been sustained and cheered :
TO MY MOTHER
this work,
which shared her latest care,
is now dedicated
in sacred and everlasting remembrance."

If we could be sure that all dedications would be as elegant as these last, we should feel inclined to wish that more books were issued with them ; but, as this is not likely to be, it seems best that the old fashion should not be universally copied.

It would be curious to note the classes of

books which chiefly bear dedicatory inscriptions. It is natural to expect these mostly to occur in works of imagination, but in the books of a more solid character authors often wish to associate their writings with the names of those of like tastes with themselves. Dr. Munro dedicated his grand edition of *Lucretius* to Dr. Kennedy. Dr. Donaldson dedicated his *Pindar* to Bishop Monk, and his Greek Grammar to Dr. Thompson, the late Master of Trinity.

Sir John Herschel dedicated his *Outlines of Astronomy* to W. R. Dawes, Dean of Hereford. Professor Tyndall dedicated his book on *Sound* to the memory of Dean Dawes, and his *Heat* to the members of the Royal Institution. The *Light* has no dedication.

Sometimes dedications are so general that they can be of no value, and no one can be flattered by them. Such was Soyer's *Modern Housewife*, inscribed to "the fair daughters of Albion."

The first English book in shorthand, that by Dr. Timothy Bright, 1588, was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. In the last century

David Lyle's system of shorthand was dedicated to the Earl of Bute, and Samuel Taylor's to Lord North, Chancellor of the University of Oxford. In 1807, Dr. Mavor dedicated to Lord Chancellor Erskine, and in 1816 John Henry Lewis dedicated his chief work on this same subject to Lord Byron, "not without peculiar pleasure, that I am thus enabled to have my stenographic labours sanctioned by the name of a gentleman whose virtues are as exemplary as his talents are conspicuous." With every wish to do proper honour to so distinguished a poet as Byron, one cannot feel that this view of his character is particularly truthful.

The dedication of a book by Vernon Lee (Miss Violet Paget), lately published and entitled "*Belcaro*, being Essays on sundry Æsthetical Questions," is worthy of especial notice, in that the whole book is practically dedication. It is inscribed "to A. Mary F. Robinson."

The first chapter is entitled "The Book and its Title. To one of my Readers, the First and Earliest," and begins :

“A little while ago I told you that I wished this collection of studies to be more especially yours. So now I send it you, a bundle of proofs and of MS., to know whether you will have it. I wish I could give you what I have written in the same complete way that a painter would give you one of his sketches; that a singer, singing to you alone, might give you his voice and his art; for a dedication is but a drop of ink on a large white sheet, and conveys but a sorry notion of property. Now, this book is intended to be really yours; yours in the sense that, were it impossible for more than one copy of it to exist, that one copy I should certainly give to you.”

This chapter also describes how the book is named *Belcaro*, in memory of a visit paid to Belcaro Castle by the author, in company of A. Mary F. Robinson; and concludes by describing how the memory of that visit has lived “and haunts me still, as I write these words, even as it has haunted me throughout the putting together of this book, which I have called, from that haunting remem-

brance, and, perhaps, a little also that the association might make it more pleasant in your eyes, by the name of that strange, isolated, ilex-circled castle villa of Belcaro. And now unroll the tight-rolled manuscript and smooth out the rumpled proof sheets; read, and tell me whether or not what you have read is ever to be read by any one else.

“FLORENCE, *May*, 1881.”

The complete association of the book with the person to whom it is dedicated is maintained in the sentences with which the author concludes :—

“And thus I will confess to you as I fasten together these last pages of my book, and rise from the grass, sere in the sunshine, and sprinkled with daisies in the shadow of each tree, I will confess to you that more nearly appealing to me, dearer also, than antique bas-relief or song of Mozart, has been the vague remembrance, evoked by trivial word or sight, of that early winter afternoon on the ilex-girded battlements of Belcaro, looking down upon the sere oak-

woods, flushed by the low sun, upon the hazy olive slopes and walls and towers of Siena."

The mention of a book which is practically all dedication brings to mind the famous romance of that "warbler of poetic prose," Sir Philip Sidney. In the retirement of Wilton, he composed for the amusement of his sister the world-famous *Arcadia*, and so associated the work with that sister, that it carries her name as "The Countess of Pembroke's *Arcadia*."

The book itself and dedication were not published until after the death of the author, when it became one of the most famous books of its era. Although it may be thought inappropriate to find a dedication of the sixteenth century in a chapter devoted to modern dedications, this objection must be set aside; for how is it possible to resist the gratification of closing this account of a curious subject with the ever-honoured name of Philip Sidney?

With this dedication by one of the brightest stars in our history and our literature, this work may appropriately close:—

“To my Dear Lady and Sister, the COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

“Here now have you (most dear and most worthy to be most dear lady!) this idle work of mine; which I fear, like the Spider’s web, will be thought fitter to be swept away, than worn to any other purpose. For my part, in very truth, (as the cruel fathers among the Greeks were wont to do to the babes they would not foster) I could well find in my heart, to cast out, in some desert of forgetfulness, this child which I am loth to father. But you desired me to do it, and your desire to my heart is an absolute commandment. Now, it is done only for you, only to you: if you keep it to your self, or commend it to such friends, who will weigh errors in the balance of good-will, I hope for the father’s sake, it will be pardoned, perchance, made much of, though in itself it have deformities. For indeed, for severer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled. Your dear self can best witness the manner, being done in loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence; the rest by sheets sent unto you, as fast as they were done. In sum, a young head, not so well stayed as I would it were, and shall be when God will, having many fancies begotten in it if it had not been in some way delivered, would have grown a monster, and more sorry might I be that they came in than that they got out. But this chief safety, shall be the not walking abroad; and his chief protection, the bearing the livery of your name, which if much good will

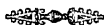
do not deceive me, is worthy to be a sanctuary for a greater offender. This say I, because I know thy virtue so, and this say I, because it may be ever so, or to say better, because it will be ever so. Read it then at your idle times, and the follies your good judgment will find in it, blame not but laugh at. And so, looking for no better stuff, than as in a Haberdasher's shop, glasses or feathers, you will continue to love the writer, who doth exceedingly love you, and most heartily prays you may long live, to be a principal ornament to the family of the Sidneys.

“Your loving brother,

“PHILIP SIDNEY.”



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